THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1415.

Original Poetry.

LET ME LINGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY NEMO.

Let me linger! Let me linger!
Call me not so soon away,
Flowers are blooming o'er the landscape,
Birds are warbling on the spray—
Birds that have made blessed music,
Since my heart could feel its power;
Flowers that I have gathered yearly,
Since my earliest rambling hour!

Let me linger! Let me linger!
Can I leave the olden place,
Where each object, linked to memory,
Seems a fond, beseeching face?
And the pathways where I've lingered,
Rapt in love's untold delight—
Can I leave them to a stranger,
Never more to greet my sight?

Let me linger! Let me linger!
In the shadow of that fane,
Sleeps a loved one. Oh! how cherished,
Tears may speak that flow in vain!
Who will tend the gentle flow'rets,
When that grave they're springing o'er?
Who will know the priceless treasure,
To this heart, it always bore!

Let me linger! Let me linger!
And when Summer flowers are gone;
When we feel the blight of Autumn,
And the blessed birds have flown,—
Then my heart will tear asunder,
Ties would keep it here for aye—
When that grave has lost its greenness,
Then I'll meet ye far away!

August 1st, 1848.

MY AIN KIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, these are na my ain kin,
Those simmer friends o' mine;
I'm weary for my ain kin,
An' friends of auld lang syne.
There are mony faces round me,
Full bright an' fair to see,
But they ne'er can fill the places
Of my ain kin to me.

When gay my voice is ringing,
Those simmer friends o' mine
Will gather close about me
And praise each note an' line;
But when the "dark hour" holds me,
And I canna sing so fine,
They a' gang aff the gither,
Those simmer friends o' mine.

Oh, weel I love my ain kin,
Those friends so kind an' true;
They would not thus forsake me,
But would love an' cheer me too
Oh, would that I were wi' you,
My friends of auld lang syne;
For I canna trust the fancies
O' these simmer friends o' mine. CLARA.

Pictures of Life.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

LIFE IN AMERICA.

BY MISS MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

"Men and Manners in America" was the comprehensive title of a book issued some fifteen or twenty years ago, by a gentleman from Scotland, to whom, we fear, Americans have never tendered the grateful acknowledgments he deserved for his disinterested efforts to teach them to eat eggs properly and to give due time to the mastication of their food. This benevolently instructive work was the precursor of a host of others on the same or kindred topics. America has been a standard subject for the trial essays of European tyros in philosophy, political economy, and book-making in general. Society in America has been presented, it would seem, in all its aspects, religious, educational, industrial, political, commercial, and fashionable. Our schools and our prisons, our churches and our theatres, have been in turn the subject of investigation, of unqualified censure, and scarce less unqualified laudation.

The subject thus dissected, put together and dissected again, has not been able to forbear some wincing and an occasional outcry when the scalpel has been held by a more than usually unskilful hand—demonstrations of sensibility which have occasioned apparently as much disapprobation as surprise in the anatomists. We flatter ourselves that there is peculiar fitness in the metaphor just used, for the outer form only of American life has been touched by these various writers. Its spirit, that which gives to it its peculiar organization, has evaded them as completely as the soul of man, the keenest investigations of the dissecting-room. Even of the seat of that spirit—of the point whence it sends forth its subtle influences, giving activity and direction to every member—of the homes of America, they have little real knowledge. The anatomist—the reader will pardon the continuation of a figure so illustrative of our meaning—the anatomist knows that not only can he never hope to lay his finger upon the principle of life, but that ere he can pry into those cells in which its mysterious processes are evolved, they must have been dismantled of all that could have guided him to any certain deductions respecting its nature and mode of action. And seldom is the eye of the stranger, never that of the professed book-maker, suffered to rest upon our homes till they have undergone changes that will as completely baffle his penetration. Nor is this always designedly. It is frequently from a delicate instinct which shrinks from subjecting its most sacred and touching emotions to the rude gaze and ruder comment of the world.

We have been led to these observations by certain events of which we have lately become informed, and which we are about to present to our readers as illustrative of some peculiarities of social life in America, and especially of the new development of character manifested by woman under the influence of these peculiarities.

The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the huzzaing of the assembling multitude on the public announcement in London of the victory of Waterloo, must have seemed a bitter mockery to many a heart sad with the first sharp agony of bereavement. "The few must suffer that the many may rejoice," say the statesman and the warrior while they plan new conquests. It may be so, but we have at present to do with the sufferings of the few.

On the list of the killed in that battle appeared the name of Horace Danforth, Captain in the 41st Regiment of Infantry. It was a name of little note, but there was one to whom it was the synonym of all that gave beauty or gladness to life; and ere the bells had ceased to sound, or the eager crowd to huzza, her heart was still. With her last quivering sigh had mingled the feeble wail of a new-born infant.

Thus was Horace Maitland Danforth ushered into life. He had been born at the house of his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Maitland, and as his mother had been wholly dependent on the gentleman, and his father had been a soldier of fortune, leaving to his son no heritage but his name, he continued there, as carefully reared and tenderly regarded as though he had been the heir to Maitland Park and to all its dependencies. Though Sir Thomas had, for many years after the birth of his nephew, intended to marry, it was an intention never executed, and when Horace attained his twenty-first birthday, his majority was celebrated as that of his uncle's heir, and as such he was presented by Sir Thomas Maitland to his assembled tenantry. Soon after this event, the Baronet obtained for his nephew a right to the name and arms of Maitland—a measure to which, knowing little of his father's family, Horace readily consented. Sir Thomas Maitland died suddenly while yet in the prime of life, and was succeeded by Sir Horace, then twenty four years of age. In the enjoyments of society, of travel, and of those thousand luxuries, mental and physical, which fortune secures, three years passed rapidly away with the young, handsome and accomplished Baronet.

One of the earliest convictions of Horace Maitland's life had been, that the refining presence of woman was necessary to the perfection of Maitland Park, and when Sir Thomas said to him, "Marry, Horace—do not be an old bachelor like your uncle," —though he answered nothing, he vowed in the inmost recesses of his heart that it should not be his fault if he did not obey the injunction. Yet to the world it seemed wholly his own fault that at twenty-seven he had not given to Maitland Park a mistress, and even he himself could not attribute his continued celibacy to the coldness or cruelty of woman; for, in truth, though he had "knelt at many a shrine," he had "laid his heart on none." If hardly pressed for his reason, he might have said with Ferdinand,

> "For several virtues
> Have I liked several women; never any
> With so full soul, but some defect in her
> Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned,
> And put it to the foil."

He who after the death of his uncle continued to urge Sir Horace most on the subject of matrimony, was the one of all the world who might have been supposed least desirous to see him enter into its bonds. This was Edward Maitland, a distant cousin somewhat younger than himself, to whom he had been attached from his boyhood, and who had been saved by his generosity from any of those painful experiences to which a very narrow income would otherwise have subjected him. It had more than once been suggested to Edward Maitland, that should his cousin die unmarried, he might not unreasonably hope to become his heir, as he was supposed to be uncontrolled by any entail in the disposal of his property, and had few nearer relations than himself, and none with whom he maintained such intimate and affectionate intercourse. Nor could Edward Maitland fail to perceive that his own value in society was in inverse ratio to the chances of the Baronet's marrying, as a report of an actual proposal on the part of the latter had more than once occasioned a visible declension in the number and warmth of his invitations. These considerations appeared, however, only to stimulate the young man's activity in the search of a wife for his cousin. Had he been employed by a marriage broker with a prospect of a liberal commission, he could scarcely have been more indefatigable.

"Well, Horace," exclaimed the younger Maitland, as the two sat loitering over a late London breakfast one morning, "how did you like the lady to whom I introduced you last evening?"

A smile lighted the eyes of Sir Horace as he replied, "Very much, Ned—she is certainly intelligent, and has read and thought more than most ladies of her age."

"She will make a very useful woman, I am sure."

"And an agreeable companion," added Sir Horace.

"And a good wife—do you not think so, Horace?"

"She doubtless would to one who could fancy her, Ned; for me her style is a little too *prononcé*."

"Well, really, Horace, I cannot imagine what you will have. One woman is too frivolous—another wants refinement—one is too indolent and exacting—and when you can make no other objection, why, her style is a little too prononcé"—the last words were given with a ludicrous imitation of his cousin's tone. "If an angel should descend from Heaven for you, I doubt if you would be suited."

"So do I," replied Horace, with a gay laugh at his cousin's evident vexation.

And thus did he meet all Edward's well intended efforts. The power of choice had made him fastidious, and his life of luxury and freedom had brought him no experiences of the need of another and gentler self as a consoler. But that lesson was approaching.

A call from his lawyer for some papers necessary to complete an arrangement in which he was much interested had sent Sir Horace to Maitland Park, in the midst of the London season, to explore the yet unfathomed recesses of an old *escritoire* of Sir Thomas. He had been gone but two days when Edward received the following note from him, written, as it seemed, both in haste and agitation.

"Come to me immediately on the receipt of this, dear Edward. I have found here a paper of the utmost importance to you as well as to me. Come quickly—take the chariot and travel post.
"Yours, H. D. MAITLAND."

In less than an hour after the reception of this note Edward Maitland was on the road, and travelling with the utmost expedition, he arrived at Maitland Park just as the day was fading into dusky eve.

"How is Sir Horace?" he asked of the man who admitted him.

"I do not think he seems very well, sir. You will find him in the library, Mr. Edward—shall I announce you, sir?"

"No," and with hurried steps and anxious heart Edward Maitland trod the well-known passage leading to the library.

When he entered that room Sir Horace was standing at one of its windows, gazing upon the landscape without, and so absorbed was he that he did not move at the opening of the door. Edward spoke, and, starting, he turned towards him a face haggard with some yet untold suffering. He advanced to meet his cousin, and with an almost convulsive grasp of the hand, said, "I am glad you have come, Edward"—then, without heeding the anxious inquiries addressed to him by Edward, he rang the bell, and ordered lights in a tone which caused them to be brought without a moment's delay. As soon as the servant who brought them had left the room, Horace resumed. "Now, Edward, here is the paper of which I wrote to you; read it at once."

Agitated by his cousin's manner, Edward took the old stained paper from him without a word, and seating himself near the lights, began to read while Sir Horace stood just opposite him, eyeing him intently. In a very few minutes Edward looked up with a puzzled air, and said, "I do not understand one word of it. What does it all mean, Horace."

"It means that you are Sir Edward Maitland—that you are master here—and that I am a beggar."

"Horace, you are mad!" exclaimed the young man, starting from his chair, with quivering limbs and a face from which every trace of color had departed.

Hitherto, the tone in which Sir Horace had spoken, the alternate flush and pallor on his face, and the shiver that occasionally passed over his frame, had shown him to be fearfully excited; but as Edward became agitated, all these signs of emotion passed away, and with wonderful calmness, taking the paper to his hand, he commenced reading that part of it which explained its purpose. This was to secure the descent of the baronetcy of Maitland, and the property attached to it in the male line. Having made Edward Maitland comprehend this purpose, Sir Horace drew towards him a genealogical table of their family, and showed him that he was himself the only living descendant in a direct line through an unbroken succession of males from the period at which this entail was made.

"And now, Edward," he said in conclusion, "I am prepared to give up everything to you. That you have so long been defrauded of your rights has been through ignorance on my part, and equal ignorance, I am convinced, on the part of my uncle. You know he paid little attention to business, leaving it wholly to his agents. I have often heard him express a wish to examine the papers in the old secretary in which I found this deed, saying that they had been sent home by old Harris when he gave up his business to his nephew—the old man writing to my uncle, that as they consisted of leases that had fallen in, or of antiquated deeds, they were no longer of any value except as family records. It was a just Providence that led me to that secretary to search for the missing title deeds of the farm I was about to sell."

Edward Maitland had sunk into his chair from sheer inability to stand, and for several minutes after his cousin had ceased speaking, he still sat with his elbows resting on the table before him, and his face buried in his clasped hands. At length looking up, he said, "Horace, let us burn this paper and forget it."

"Forget!—that is impossible, Edward."

"Why?—why not live as we have done? You speak of defrauding me; but what have I wanted but you had? Has not your purse been as my own? Your home—has it not been mine? It shall be so still. We will share the fortune, and as to the title, you will wear it more gracefully than I."

"Dear Edward! Such proof of your generous affection ought to console me for all changes, and it shall. I will confess to you that I have suffered, but it is past. My people—" his voice faltered, his chest heaved, and turning away he walked more than once across the room before he resumed—"they are mine no longer—but you will be kind to them, Edward I know."

"Horace, you will drive me mad!" cried Edward Maitland. "Promise, I conjure you, promise me to say nothing more of this."

He threw himself as he spoke into his cousin's arms with an agitation which Horace vainly sought to soothe until he promised "to *speak*" no further on this subject at present to any one. Satisfied with this promise, and exhausted by the emotions of the last hour, Edward soon retired to his own room. It was long before he slept, and had he not been in a distant part of the house, he would have heard the hurried steps with which for many an hour after he was left alone, Sir Horace Maitland continued to pace the floor of the dimly lighted library. The clock was on the stroke of three when he seated himself and began the following letter:

Dear Edward:—I must go, and at once. I cannot without the loss of self-respect continue to play the master here another day, neither can I live as a dependent within these walls—no, not for an hour. Do not attempt to follow me, for I will not see you. I will write you as soon as I arrive at my point of destination—I know not yet where that will be. Feel no anxiety about me. I shall take with me a thousand pounds, and will leave an order for Decker to receive from you and hold subject to my draft whatever sum may accrue from the sale, at a fair valuation, of Sir Thos. Maitland's personal property, which he had an undoubted right to will as he pleased, the amount of the mesne rents expended by me during the last three years having been deducted therefrom. Do not attempt to force favors upon me, Edward—I cannot bear them now. Such attempts would only compel me to cut myself loose from you and your affection—the one blessing that earth still holds for me.

My trunks have been packed for two days, for my first resolve was to go from this place and from England. I shall take the chariot in which you came down and fresh horses, but I will send them back to you from London.

God bless you, Edward. I dare not speak of my feelings to you now, lest I should lose the strength and self-command I need so much. God bless you. H. D. MAITLAND.

Stealthily did Sir Horace move through the wide halls and ascend the lofty stairs of this home of his life, feeling at every step the rushing tide of memory conflicting with the sad thought that he was treading them for the last time. Having reached his sleeping apartment, he rang a bell which he knew would summon his own man. Rapidly as the man moved, the time seemed long to him ere the summons was obeyed, and he had given the necessary orders to have the carriage prepared and the trunks brought down as soon as possible, "and as quietly," he added, "as to be sure not to disturb Mr. Edward, who had retired to bed late."

"Will you not take breakfast, sir, before you set out?" asked the man.

"No, John. Let the carriage follow me; I shall walk on. Be quick and make no noise."

A faint streak of light was just beginning to appear in the east, when the heretofore master of that lordly mansion went out into a world which held for him no other home. Accident, as short-sighted mortals name events controlled by no human will, decided whither he should direct his course from London. He had called at his lawyer's—the already mentioned "nephew of old Harris"—determined to communicate his discovery to him, perhaps with some faint hope of learning the entail had been in some way set aside, before Sir Thomas had ventured to make his sister's son his heir. Mr. Decker was not in his rooms, and sitting down to wait for him, he took up mechanically the morning paper that lay on his table. The first thing on which his eyes rested was the advertisement of a steam packet about to sail from Liverpool for America.

"America!—the very place for me. I shall meet no acquaintance there," was the thought that flashed through his mind. Another glance at the paper for the day and hour of the packet's sailing, an examination of his watch, an impatient look from the window up and down the street, and again he mused, "I have not a moment to spare, and if I wait for Decker I may be kept for hours and so lose the packet; and why should I wait? Have I not seen the deed? This indecision is folly."

The result of these reflections was a note rapidly written to Mr. Decker stating his discovery of the deed of entail, his consequent surrender of all claim to the property to Edward Maitland, and his determination to quit England immediately. All arrangements respecting the settlement of his claims on the estate, and the claims of the present proprietor upon him, he left to Sir Edward and Mr. Decker, empowering the latter to receive and retain for his use and subject to his order, whatever, on such a settlement, should appertain to him.

This note was left on Mr. Decker's table, and in one hour after, Horace Maitland was advancing to Liverpool with the rapidity of steam. The packet waited but the arrival of the train in which he was a passenger, to leave the shores of England. With what bitterness he watched those receding shores, while memory wrote upon his bare and bleeding heart the record of joys identified with them, and fading like them forever from his life, let each imagine for himself, for to such emotions no language can do justice.

A voyage across the Atlantic is now too common an event to stay, even for a moment, the pen of a narrator. From Boston, Horace—no longer Sir Horace—wrote to his cousin as follows:

Dear Edward:—Here I am among the republicans, with whom I may flatter myself I have lost nothing by sinking Sir Horace Maitland into plain Mr. Danforth. Such is now my address, assumed not from fear that in this distant quarter of the world I shall meet any to whom the name of Maitland is familiar, but because much of which I do not desire to be reminded is associated with that name. I said to you when leaving my home, dear Edward, "Do not fear for me." I can now repeat it with better reason. The first stunning shock of the change to which I was so suddenly subjected has been borne. My past life already seems to me as a dream from which I have been rudely but effectually awakened. I am now first to begin life in reality.

The accident which determined me to seek these shores was a happy one. I cannot well dream here where all around me is active, vigorous life. We are accustomed in England to think of the American shores as the Ultima Thule in a western direction, but when we reach those shores we find that the movement is still west. The daily papers are filled with accounts of persons migrating west, and thither am I going. "The world is all before me where to choose" the theatre of my new life—my life of work—and I would have it far from the blue sea, out of hearing of the murmur of the waves that lave my island home. I will go where the wide prairies sweep away on every side to the horizon—where every link with other lands will be severed, and America below and Heaven above constitute my universe. "You will find no society at the West," has been said to me. This is another attraction to that region. I would work out my destiny in solitude. I desire to travel without company, and have made my arrangements accordingly. I have purchased three substantial horses for a little more than one hundred pounds, and have engaged a shrewd, active lad as groom, valet, and, so he seems to think, companion, at about two pounds per month. A very light carriage, sometimes driven by my servant and sometimes by myself, will transport the moderate wardrobe which I shall deem it necessary to take with me to the outermost verge of civilization and good roads, where leaving carriage and wardrobe, or at least all of the last which may not be borne by a led horse, I shall penetrate still further into the old forests of this new world. I long to be alone with "Nature's full, free heart,"—perchance, there my own may beat as of yore.

Farewell, dear Edward. You may hear of me next among the Sacs and the Foxes—at present, address H. Danforth, care of G—— & D——, merchants, —— —— street, Boston.
Yours, ever, H. DANFORTH.

A new external life had indeed opened upon this child of luxury and conventional refinement. He whose movements had been chronicled as matter of interest to the public, he whose presence the "world" had postponed its fetes, might now travel hundreds of miles without observation or inquiry. He upon whose steps had waited a crowd of obsequious attendants, now found himself with one follower whose tone of independence scarce permitted him to call him servant. In cities, where he would still have been surrounded by those conventional distinctions of which he had himself been deprived, the sense of a great loss would have been ever present with him, and the contrast with the past would have made the fairest present to which he could now attain, desolate. But there could be no comparison, and therefore no painful contrast, between the wild life of the prairies and the ultra civilization of English aristocratic society. In the excitement and adventure of the one, he hoped to forget the other. He sought to forget—not to be resigned, to acquiesce. His inner life was unchanged. He had been a dreamer—a pleasure-seeker—and a dreamer and pleasure seeker he continued, though the dreams and the pleasures must be wrought from new materials. To sketch the progress of such a character through the shifting scenes of his new existence—to observe him in his association with the strong, daring, acute, but uncultivated denizens of our frontier States—to stand with sympathizing heart beside him as he first entered upon those unpeopled solitudes in whose silence God speaks to the soul, is not permitted us at present. This may be the work of another day; but now we must pass at once with him from Boston to a scene within the confines of Iowa.—His carriage had been left behind, and for two days he had been riding over a rolling country, whose grass knolls, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, brought occasionally to his mind the park scenery of his own land. Early in this day he had passed a farm with a comfortable house and substantial out-buildings, but no dwelling of man had since presented itself to him, though the sun was now low in the western sky. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been of little consequence, for he had already spent more than one night in the open air without discomfort; but his attendant had heard a distant muttering of thunder, and John Stacy was not the lad to encounter without murmuring a night of storm unsheltered. John's anxiety made him keen-sighted and he was the first to perceive and announce the approach of a rider. We use the neutral term *rider* not without consideration, for he was one in whom a certain ease of manner and even an air of command contradicted the testimony of habiliments made and worn after a fashion recognized nowhere as characteristic of the genus gentleman. A courteous inquiry from Horace Danforth respecting the nearest place at which a night's shelter might be obtained, led to a cordial invitation to him to return with him to his own house. It was an invitation not to be disregarded under existing circumstances, and it was accepted with evident pleasure both by master and man.

Mr. Grahame, for so the new comer had announced himself, led the way back for a short distance over the route just pursued by our travellers, and then striking off to the left, rode briskly forward for several miles. The light grey clouds which had long been gathering in the western sky had deepened into blackness as they proceeded, and flashes of lightning were darting across their path, and large drops of rain were falling upon them when they neared a house constructed of logs, yet bearing some evidence of taste in the grounds around it, as well as in its position, which was on the side of a gently sloping hill, looking out upon a landscape through which wound a clear and rapid, though narrow stream.

"Like good cavaliers, we will see our horses housed first," said Mr. Grahame, riding past the main building to one of the out houses, built also of logs, which served as a stable. Here Horace Danforth relinquished his tired steed to the care of John Stacy, and Mr. Grahame having himself rubbed down his own beautiful animal, and thrown a bundle of hay before him, with a slight apology to his visitor for the detention, led the way into the house. As they entered the vacant parlor a shade of something like dissatisfaction passed over the master's countenance, and having seen his guest seated by a huge fire place, whose cheerful blaze of wood a chilly evening made by no means unwelcome, he left him alone. He soon returned, however, with a brighter expression, which was explained by his saying, "I feared on finding this room empty, that my daughter had been sent for to a sick woman with whom she has lately spent several days and nights, and that I could offer you only the discomfort of a bachelor's establishment; but I find she is at home, and will soon give us supper."

During the absence of his host, our Englishman had looked around with increasing surprise at the contents of the parlor. The furniture was of the most simple description, yet marked by a certain neatness and gracefulness of arrangement indicative, as he could not but think, of a cultivated taste. The same mingling of even rude simplicity of material and tasteful arrangement prevailed in the chamber to which his host now conducted him, and where the luxury, for as such he had learned to regard it, of abundance of clear water and clean napkins awaited him. In a very few minutes after his return to the parlor a door was opened through which he obtained a view of an inner apartment, well lighted, and containing a table so spread as to present no slight temptation to a traveller who had not broken his fast since the morning meal. At the head of this table stood a young woman, of graceful form, whom his host introduced to him as his daughter, Miss Grahame.

Mary Grahame's clear complexion, glowing with the hue of health, her large and soft and dark gray eyes, her abundant glossy black hair, might have won from the most fastidious some of that admiration given to personal beauty; but in truth Horace Danforth had grown indifferent, as well as fastidious, and it was not till in after days he had seen the complexion glow, and the dark eyes kindle with feeling, that he said to himself, "She is beautiful." To the fascination of a peculiarly graceful, gentle, yet earnest manner he was, however, more quickly susceptible. During this first evening, the chief emotion excited in his mind was surprise at the style of conversation and manner, the acquaintance with books, and with *les bienséances* which marked these inhabitants of a log cabin in the western wilds—these denizens of a half savage life.

A day of hard riding had induced such fatigue that even the rare and unexpected pleasure of communication with refined and cultivated minds could not keep Horace Danforth long from his pillow. As he expected to set out in the morning very early, he would have made his adieus in parting for the night, mingling with them courteous expressions of the enjoyment which such society had afforded him after his long abstinence from all intellectual converse.

"Believe me," said Mr. Grahame, and the sentiment was corroborated by his daughter's eyes, "the pleasure has been mutual. Society is the great want of our western life. I have been wishing to ask whether your business was too urgent to permit you to afford us more of this coveted good?"

"I am ashamed to confess," said Horace Danforth, with some embarrassment, "that I have no business at present—that I am an idler—I verily believe the only one in your country."

"Then will you not give us the pleasure of your company for a longer time? A little rest will be no disadvantage either to your horses or yourself, and on us you will be conferring a favor which you cannot appreciate till you have lived five hundred miles away from civilization."

The invitation was accepted as cordially as it was given, to the great satisfaction of John Stacy, who had been much pleased with the appearance of land in this neighborhood, and wanted time to look about him preparatory to purchasing.

Horace Danforth arose early the next morning, and throwing open the shutters of the only window in his room, found that a stormy night had been succeeded by an unusually brilliant morning. "To brush the dews from off the upland lawn," had not been a habit of his past life; but the cool fresh air, the spicy perfumes which it wafted to him, and the brightness and verdure of the whole landscape, proved now more inviting than his pillow, and dressing himself hastily, he descended the clean but rude and uncarpeted stairs as gently as possible, lest he should rouse Miss Grahame from her slumbers. He found the front door open, showing that he was not the first of the household who had gone abroad that day. As he stepped out upon the lawn, he discovered that the parlor windows were likewise open, and a familiar air, hummed in low, suppressed tones, caused him to look through them as

Our Portrait Gallery.

SMITH O'BRIEN, THE IRISH LEADER.

he passed. Could he believe his eyes? Was that neatest and prettiest of all housemaids, who, moving with light and even graceful steps, was yet busied in the very homely task of dusting and arranging the furniture in the parlor—was she indeed the same Miss Grahame who had last evening charmed him by her lady-like deportment and intelligent conversation? Yes, the very same; for though the glossy black braids were covered by a gay colored handkerchief wound round her head *a la Turque*, there was the same wide forehead and well-defined brows; the same soft, dark gray eyes; the same slightly aquiline nose, and smiling mouth. Nor was the conversation of last evening more opposed, in his imagination, to her present employment, than the evident taste and feeling with which she was now singing that most beautiful hymn of the Irish poet,

> "Oh, God! Thou art the life and light
> Of all this wondrous world I see."

Listening and gazing, wondering and comparing, he had well nigh forgotten himself when, turning suddenly to the window and raising her head, their eyes met. The color which rushed quickly to her very temples, recalled him to himself, and bowing, with certainly not less embarrassment than she evinced, he walked rapidly on. He had not proceeded far, however, when he saw his host approaching from an opposite direction. As Mr. Grahame had already spent more than an hour in his fields, sharing as well as directing the labors of his men, he expressed no surprise at meeting his guest abroad. After a cordial greeting and a few general observations on the weather and crops had been exchanged, Mr. Grahame, glancing up to the sun, which had now risen considerably above a distant wood, said, "I am sorry to interrupt your walk, but my morning's work has made me by no means indifferent to my breakfast, and I think that Mary's coffee and biscuits are about this time done to a turn."

A few minutes brought them back to the house, and into the parlor from which Mary Grahame had disappeared, leaving behind her, in its neat and tasteful arrangement, and in the fresh flowers which adorned the tables and mantel piece, evidence of her presence. The gentlemen were soon summoned to breakfast.

It may have been that his early rising had given to Horace Danforth an unusual appetite; but certain it is that no breakfast of which he had ever partaken seemed to him half so inviting as this.—And yet, in truth, it was simple enough. Toast, crisp and brown, warm, light biscuits, fresh eggs, good butter, excellent coffee, and rich cream, were all it offered. Mary Grahame presided, and speaking little herself, listened to her father and Horace, while they discussed the different characteristics of English or European and American society, with a pleased and intelligent countenance. Some observation from him drew from Mr. Grahame the following reply:

"There is one feature of American society upon which I think no foreigner has remarked, or if he has, it has been so cursorily as plainly to show that he was far from appreciating its importance, I mean the fact that here the thinker is likewise the worker. In England and the European states, the working class is distinct from the consumers, and there must be almost as great a contrast in the intellectual as in the physical condition of the two. All the refinement, the cultivation, must remain with those who have leisure and fortune—as a class, I mean, for individuals will of course be found, who, in spite of all disadvantages, will rise to the highest position. But here, in America, there are no idlers. Here, with few, if any exceptions, all must be, in some way, workers, and all may be thinkers. We attain thus to a republic of mind."

"Do you not fear that the result of this will be to check the development of individual greatness: that as you have no king in the state, so you will have no king in literature?"

"Even were this so, it would remain a question, whether the great increase of general intelligence would not more than compensate the evil."

"Can many Pollocks repay us for one Milton—many Drydens for one Shakespeare?"

"You take extreme cases; besides, I only admitted your supposition to show that I could produce a set-off to the disadvantage. I do not believe that the necessity for labor of some sort will prevent a truly great mind from achieving for itself the highest distinction. I think the history of such minds proves that it will rather serve as a stimulus to their powers."

Horace Danforth was silent, and after a moment's pause, Mr. Grahame resumed.

"In this union of the working and the thinking classes in one, the refinements of life, those things which adorn and beautify it, take their true place as consolers and soothers of the care worn and toil-wearied mind. No Italian opera can give such delight to the sated man of pleasure as the tired laborer feels in listening to the evening song with which some loved one, in his home, sings him to repose."

"You speak *con amore*," said Horace Danforth, smiling at his host's fervor.

"I do. Had I been excluded from the refinements of social life, I should long since have sunk and grown weary of my toil here. I felt this when compelled to relinquish my daughter's society for two years, that she might have the advantage of instruction in those branches of a womanly education in which I could give her no aid."

"And having spent two years in the more cultivated East, did Miss Grahame return willingly to our home in the wilderness?"

This question was addressed to Mary Grahame herself, and she answered simply, "My father was here."

"You acknowledge, then, that could your father have been with you, you would have preferred remaining at the East?"

"Oh, no! I was fifteen when my father sent me from home, and those who have enjoyed the free life of the prairie so long, seldom love cities."

"But the ease, the freedom from labor which is enjoyed in a more advanced stage of society, the power to devote yourself to pursuits agreeable to your taste—did you not regret these?"

"Permit me to put your question into plainer language," interposed Mr. Grahame. "Mr. Danforth would ask, Mary, whether you would not prefer to live where you would not be compelled to degrade your mind—"

"No, no. I protest against the degradation," exclaimed Mr. Danforth.

"To degrade your mind," pursued Mr. Grahame, answering the interruption only by a smile, "by exercising it on such homely things as brewing coffee and baking cakes, or to soil your fair hands with brooms and dusters."

"For the soil of the hands we have sparkling rills, and for the degradation of the mind, I, like Mr. Danforth, protest against it."

"But how can you make your protest good?"

"You have taught me that there is no degradation in labor, pursued for fair and right ends, and that where the end is noble, the labor becomes ennobling."

"But what noble ends can be alleged for the drudgery of domestic life? I am translating your looks into language," said Mr. Grahame, turning playfully to his guest; "correct me if I do not read them rightly."

"If I say you do, I fear Miss Grahame will think them very impertinent looks."

"I shall not complain of them while I can reply to them so easily," said Mary, gaily. "He who knows how much a well-ordered household contributes to the cultivation of domestic virtues and family affections, will not think a woman degraded who sacrifices somewhat of her tastes and pleasures to the deeper happiness of procuring such advantages for those she loves."

"But is not that state of society preferable in which, without her personal interference, by the employment of those who have no higher tastes, she may accomplish the same object?"

"That question proves that you do not, like my father, desire to see the working and the thinking classes united. You seem to propose that the first shall ever remain our hewers of wood and drawers of water."

"Is it not a fact that there have been, are, and always will be those in the world, who are fitted for no other position?"

"That there are and always have been such persons, I acknowledge; but when labor ceases to be degrading, because it is partaken by all, may we not hope that new aspirations will be awakened in the laborer—that he will elevate himself in the scale of being when he feels elevation possible?"

Mary Grahame spoke with generous enthusiasm, yet with a modest gentleness which made Horace Danforth desire to continue the argument.

"Admitting all this," he said, "it does not answer my question, which was, whether you did not prefer that state of society in which you were able to avail yourself of the services of such a class."

"There are moments, doubtless, when indolence would plead for such self-indulgence; but I should be mortified indeed, were this the prevailing temper of my mind."

"Pardon me if I say that I do not see how it can be otherwise—how a lady of Miss Grahame's refinement and taste, can be pleased with the employments, for instance, to which Mr. Grahame just now referred."

"Not pleased with them in themselves, but she may accept them, may she not, as a necessary part of a great object to which she has devoted herself?"

"And this object?—but, forgive me. The interest you have awakened in the subject, and your kindness in answering my questions, make me an encroacher, I fear," he added, as he marked the heightened color with which Mary glanced at her father as he paused for her answer.

"Not at all; but I speak in presence of my master, and will refer you to him," she replied, with another smiling glance at her father.

"You see," said Mr. Grahame, "that even in these wilds 'the world's dread laugh' retains its power. Mary, I see, is afraid of being called a female Quixote, and even I find myself disposed to win you to some interest in my object, before I avow it. This I think I can best do by a sketch of the circumstances which led to its adoption. I will give you such a sketch, therefore, if you will promise to acquit me of egotism in doing so."

"That I will readily do. I shall be delighted to hear it."

"You shall have it, but not now; for I see, by certain cabalistic signs, known only to the initiated, that Mary is about to leave us for some of those same degrading employments, and if you will take a ride with me, I will relieve you from all danger of contact with them, and will, at the same time, show you something of our neighborhood."

The proposal was of course accepted. The ride embraced a circuit of ten miles, in which they passed only two houses. The first of these was built with an apparent regard to convenience and comfort, and even some effort at adornment, as manifested in the climbing plants with which the windows were draperied, and the flowers which adorned the little court in front. Mr. Grahame stopped before the gateway of this court, and a woman of coarse, rough exterior, though scrupulously clean, came out to speak to him, and to urge his alighting and entering the house with his friend. This Mr. Grahame declined; he had only stopped to inquire after a sick child, and to express a hope that her husband's hay had turned out well.

"Dreadful fine," was her reply to the last. "I'm sure we be much obleeged to you for the seed, an' for tellin' Jim how to plant it. He never had sich hay before."

"I am glad to hear it. Where is Lucy?"

"Oh, she's off to school. Tell Miss Mary she's gittin' to be 'most as grand a reader as she be. And yet the child's willin' enough to work, for all."

As the gentlemen rode on, after this interview, Mr. Grahame said, "That last speech expressed one of the greatest difficulties against which we had to contend in our efforts to induce our neighbors to give their children some of the advantages of education. They were afraid 'larnin' would make them lazy.' They were of your opinion that the thinker and the worker must remain of different classes."

"I was surprised to hear that woman speak of a school. I should not think the teacher could find a situation very profitable."

"He is one who has regard to a higher reward than any earthly one. He is a self denying Christian missionary, whom I induced to settle in our neighborhood. He preaches on the Sabbath, in a little church about two miles from my house, to a congregation of about twenty adults, and takes that number of children; and during the week he keeps a school which is well attended in the summer. Some of his earlier pupils are already showing, by their more useful and happier lives, the importance of the schoolmaster's work in the elevation of a people."

The next dwelling they approached was very small and mean-looking. It seemed to Horace Danforth to contain but one apartment, warmed by an ill-constructed clay chimney, and lighted by one small, square window. That window, however, was not only sashed and glazed, but covered with a plain muslin curtain.

"Here," said Mr. Grahame, "lives one of those pupils of whom I spoke just now. He commenced life with nothing but the plot of ground you see, and having a wife to support, he must labor hard, if already he is aiming at something more than the supply of merely physical wants; and I doubt not he will, if he lives long enough, become the intelligent and wealthy father of a well-educated family."

They were approaching the house as Mr. Grahame spoke. Near it was a small potato patch, in which a man was hoeing.

"How is your wife, Martin?" asked Mr. Grahame.

"Oh, thank you, sir, she is quite smart. She's been getting better ever since the night Miss Mary sat up with her last. We say she always brings good luck."

"And how are your potatoes?"

"How could they help but be good, sir, with such grand seed as you gave me? Tell Miss Mary, if you please, sir, that the rose tree is growing finely, and that as soon as I can get time to put up the fence, Sally is to have the flower garden she talked about."

"I am glad to hear it, Martin; if you are brisk you may have some flowers yet before frost. I will bring you some seeds when I come next."

"Do you procure your seeds from the East, or is it the result of your superior cultivation, that you are able thus to supply your neighbors?" asked Horace Danforth of Mr. Grahame, as they rode on.

"The potatoes were from my own field, raised from the seed two years ago. The grass and flower seeds were from my agent at the East. These little favors win for my daughter and myself considerable influence over our neighbors, and thus facilitate our attainment of the object for which we have pitched our tent in the wilderness, and accepted those labors which you justly regard as distasteful in themselves."

The return home of Mr. Grahame and his visitor, their dinner and afternoon engagements, offer nothing worthy of our notice. It was not till the labors of the day had been concluded, and the little party were gathered again before a cheerful fire in the parlor, that the subject of the morning's conversation was resumed. As Mary entered from the supper-room, bringing with her a little basket of needle-work, Horace Danforth asked if he might not now hope to receive the promised sketch.

"I will give it to you with pleasure when I have had my evening song from Mary," said Mr. Grahame.

Opening the piano for his young hostess, Horace Danforth stood beside her as she sang, but he forgot to turn the leaves of the music before her as he listened once again to a rich and cultivated voice, accompanied by a fine instrument, touched by a skilful hand. As the sweet and well-remembered strains fell on his ear, he closed his eyes and gave the reins to fancy. The loved and lost gathered around him, and it was with a strange, dream-like feeling that, as the sweet sounds ceased, and Mary arose from the piano, he opened his eyes and looked around upon the rough walls and simple furniture of his present abode.

"It is now nearly nineteen years," began Mr. Grahame, when his daughter and guest had resumed their seats near him, "since, crushed in spirit, I turned from the grave in which I had laid my chief earthly blessing, to wander 'anywhere, anywhere out of that world' which had but a few weeks before been bright and joyous to me, but which I was now ready to pronounce a desolate waste. The desire to avoid society made me turn westward, and nearly one hundred miles east of our present residence I found myself in the midst of a people without churches, without schools, rude in appearance and in manners. Absorbed in the destruction of my own selfish happiness, I might have passed from among them without knowing that disease was adding its pangs to those inflicted by want, ignorance, and superstition, had not a mother in the agony of parting from her first-born, looking hither and thither for help, turned her eyes entreatingly upon the stranger. I had once studied medicine, though, regarding the profession, as our young men too often do, merely as a means of personal aggrandizement, and having received just at the completion of my studies an accession of fortune, which removed all pecuniary necessity to exertion on my own part, I had never practised it, nor indeed obtained the diploma necessary to its practice. Now, however, I endeavored to make myself master of the peculiar features of the epidemic under which the child was suffering, and with the aid of a small store of medicines which my good sister had insisted on my taking with me, and a rigid enforcement of some of the simplest rules of diet and regimen, I had the happiness of seeing the child, in a few days, out of danger, and of receiving the mother's rapturous thanks. That moment gave me the first gleam of happiness I had known for months, and disposed me to listen to the entreaties of the poor creatures who came from far and near to entreat the aid of the Doctor, as they persisted in calling me, notwithstanding my repeated assurances that I had no right to the title. I spent weeks in that neighborhood, and there I was born to a new life. Till that time I had lived to myself, and when that in which I had centred my earthly joy was snatched from me by death, I had felt that life had nothing left for me; but now I saw that while there were sentient beings in the universe to serve, and a glorious and ever-blessed Father presiding over that universe and smiling on such service, life could not be divested of joy. Under the influence of such views my plans for the future were formed, nor have I ever seen reason to change or to regret them. Everywhere the Christian religion teaches the same precepts, but not everywhere is it equally easy to see the way in which those precepts may be obeyed; everywhere is it true, as a distinguished writer of your own land has said, 'Blessed is the man who has found his work—let him seek no other blessedness;' but not everywhere is it equally easy to see where our work lies. Here—in America—the partition walls which stand elsewhere as a remnant of the old feudalism have been broken down,—every man is irresistibly pressed into contact with his neighbors—he cannot shut his eyes to their wants—he cannot stop his ears against their cries. In America, too, every man, as I have already said, must be a worker—or, if he live an idler, it must be on that which his father gained by the sweat of his brow, and he leaves his children to enslaving toil or more enslaving dependence. Here the man of pleasure, the idler of either sex, is a foreign exotic which finds no nourishment in our soil, no shelter from our institutions—which is out of harmony with our social life, and must ever be marked by the innate vulgarity of unsustained pretension. Therefore it is comparatively easy for us to hold out the hand of love to our brethren, sinking and suffering at our very side, and to teach them that there is no natural inalienable connection between labor and coarseness, ignorance and servility; that man, though compelled to win his bread by the sweat of his brow, may still enjoy all those graceful amenities of which woman was the type in Paradise, and is the promise here; that the light of knowledge and the diviner light of faith may still cheer him in his labors and guide him to his rest. It seems to me that to bring out these principles fairly to the world's perception, is the mission to which America has been especially appointed—that for which Americans should live; and to this I have accordingly devoted myself. For this I purchased my present property—for this I determined, while allowing myself and my daughter all the comforts of life, to dispense with many of those luxuries to which my fortune might have entitled us, lest I should separate myself too far from those I would aid. Here I have spent seventeen years of life, happy in my work and happier in the conviction that it has not been in vain."

As Mr. Grahame paused, Horace Danforth turned to Mary Grahame. Her eyes were fixed upon him. They seemed to challenge his admiration for her father, in whose hand her own was clasped as if she would thus intimate the perfect accordance of her feelings with his.

"And this, too," he said to her, "is your object?"

"It is."

"An object to which you were devoted by your father in your infancy?"

"And which I have since adopted in my own intelligent conviction," said Mary, earnestly, losing all timidity in a glow of that generous enthusiasm which sits so gracefully on a gentle woman.

There was silence in the little circle—silence with all; with one, thought was rapidly passing down the long vista of the past, and pointing the awakened mind to the fact that elsewhere than in America was there ignorance to be enlightened and want to be relieved—that not here only did Christianity teach that man should live not unto himself, and that he should love his neighbor as himself.

The thoughts and feelings aroused on that evening colored the whole future destiny of Horace Danforth. Ere another day had passed, he had confided to his host so much of his history as proved him to be an aimless and almost unconnected wanderer on the earth, with the prospect of a fortune which, unequal to the demands of a man of fashion in England, would give to a worker in America immense influence for good or for evil—as the personal property of Sir Thomas Maitland could not, as Horace Danforth was well aware, be valued at less than $15,000. With that rapid decision that had ever marked his movements, the young Englishman determined to purchase land in the neighborhood of Mr. Grahame, there to rear his future home, and to devote his life to the like noble purposes. The land was purchased, the site for the house was selected and marked out; but the house was never built, for ere that had been accomplished, Horace Danforth discovered that the companionship of a cultivated woman was essential to his views of "Life in America," and that Mary Grahame was exactly the embodiment of that youthful vision which he had sought in vain elsewhere; for she united the delicacy and refined grace, with the intelligent mind, the active affections and energetic will, which were necessary at once to please his fancy and satisfy his heart. Mary Grahame could not consent to leave her father to a lonely home, but yet she could not deny that it would be a sad home to her if deprived of the society of him whose intelligent and varied converse and manly tenderness had lately formed the chief charm of her existence. There was but one way of reconciling these conflicting claims. Horace Danforth must live with Mr. Grahame, and so he did, having first obtained that gentleman's permission to enlarge his house, and to furnish it with some of those inventions by which art has so greatly lightened domestic labor, and which had been made familiar to him by his life abroad.

Six months had been spent in this abode—six months of an existence of joy and love, untroubled as it could be to those who were yet dwellers upon earth—six months in which the fastidious and world-wearied man learned the secret of true peace in a life devoted to useful and benevolent objects—when a most unexpected visitor arrived in the person of Sir Edward Maitland—no—not Sir Edward. He came to announce that to this title he had no right. That he had remained himself, and suffered his cousin to remain so long in ignorance on this point, had been the result of no want of effort to arrive at the truth, still less of any lingering love of the honors forced upon him. He had never assumed the title, nor suffered the secret of his supposed change of circumstances to be known beyond himself and the lawyer to whom his Cousin Horace had revealed it. This lawyer, it may be remembered, had lately succeeded in the care of the Maitland estate to an uncle, who had been compelled by the infirmities of advancing age to retire from business. The old man was absent from England when Horace Danforth left it, and it was not till his return that full satisfaction on the subject had been obtained, as it was judged unwise by Mr. Decker to awaken public attention by investigations which his uncle's return would probably render unnecessary. When he did return, and the subject was cautiously unfolded to him, he spent many minutes in *pishing* and *pshawing* at the folly and impetuosity of young baronets, who knowing nothing of the tenure on which they hold their estates, cannot at least wait till they consult wiser people before they throw them away. The entail of nearly two centuries ago had, it seems, been set aside in little more than one, by an improvident father and son, who had in fact greatly diminished the very fine property so entailed, though most of it had been since recovered by the care of their successors. The intelligence thus conveyed to him who was now once more Sir Horace Danforth Maitland, was of mingled sweet and bitter. He could not be insensible to the joy of returning to the home of his childhood and the people among whom he had grown to manhood, yet neither could he leave, without many tender regrets, that in which he had first learned to love, and to live a true, a noble, and a happy life.

When Mary was first saluted as Lady Maitland by Edward, she turned a glance of inquiry upon her husband and then upon her father, for both were present by previous arrangement; and as she read a confirmation of the fact in their smiling faces, the color faded from hers, and after a moment's vain effort to contend against her painful emotion, she burst into tears.

"Your father has promised to spend his life with us, dearest," said Sir Horace Maitland, as he threw his arm around her and drew her to his side.

"But this dear home," sobbed Mary; "this people for whom and with whom we have lived so happily."

"All that made this home dear, my daughter, you will take with you to another home."

"And there, too," interposed Sir Horace, "my Mary will find a people to enlighten and to bless over whom her influence will be unbounded, and to whom she will prove an angel of consolation."

"And can you carry your American life to your English home?" she asked of her husband, smiling through her tears.

"As much of it as is independent of outward circumstances, Mary—its spirit, its aims; for they belong to a Christian life, and that I hope by God's blessing to live henceforth wherever I may be."

"And what will become of all our projected improvements here?" she inquired of her father.

"I shall not leave this place myself, Mary, till I can find some one like-minded, who will take our place and do our work. To such a man I will sell the property on such terms as he can afford, or if he cannot buy, he shall farm it for me."

This last was the arrangement made with one whom Mr. Grahame had known in early life, and who had always been distinguished by true Christian uprightness and benevolence. The terms offered by Mr. Grahame to this gentleman were such that the conscientious and excellent agent became in a few years the proprietor; and under his fostering care, all those plans for the intellectual and moral improvement of the neighborhood which had been so happily commenced, were matured and perfected.

It was nearly a year after the departure of his children before Mr. Grahame was able to join them at Maitland Park. With his arrival, Mary felt that her cup of joy was full. It had been with a trembling heart that she assumed the brilliant position to which Providence had conducted her—not that she had feared the judgment of man. Her fear had been lest, in the midst of abundance, she should forget the hand that fed her; lest amid the fascinations of an intellectual and polished society, she should forget the thick darkness which covered so many immortal minds around her. But already she had cast aside this unworthy fear, unworthy of him in whom is the Christian's strength.

The early dream of the proprietor of Maitland Park is fulfilled. The softening and refining presence of woman diffuses a new charm over its social life, and while his Mary is to his tenantry what he himself predicted, an angel of consolation, so is she to him a faithful co-worker in all which may advance the reign of peace and righteousness, of intelligence and joy, throughout the world.

Good Breeding.—We will close our remarks with two anecdotes, illustrative of the difference between the American and English people in point of good breeding. A friend of ours happening to lose his way in Manchester, accosted a well dressed person apparently a merchant, and politely asked for information. The John Bull stopped, stared at our friend, and exclaiming "d—— you, don't bother me," hurried on. Would any American, whatever his boots, have answered a stranger so rudely? Another friend of ours was once ascending Loch Lomond in a steamboat, when a shower of rain coming on, he noticed a lady near, who had neither cloak nor umbrella, and taking off his Mackintosh, he offered it to her. Her husband, who proved to be a Scotch barrister, immediately stepped forward to thank our friend, saying, "you must be an American, sir, for I never knew an Englishman to do such an act."—*Evening Bulletin.*

Hunting Adventure.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

BY A KENTUCKIAN.

Who ever saw Bravo, without loving him? His clear black eyes, his glossy skin, flecked here and there with blue; his wide spread thighs, clean shoulders, broad back, and low drooping chest bespoke him the stag hound; and none who ever saw his bounding form, or heard his deep toned bay, as the swift footed stag flew before him, would dispute his title. List, gentle reader, and I will tell you an adventure.

A bright frosty morning in November, 1838, tempted me to visit the forest hunting grounds.—On this occasion I was followed by a fine looking hound, which had been presented to me, a few days before, by a fellow sportsman. I was anxious to test his qualities, and knowing that a mean dog will often hunt well with a good one, I had tied up the eager Bravo, and was attended by the strange dog alone. A brisk canter of half an hour, brought me to the wild forest hills. Slackening the rein, I slowly wound my way up a brushy slope, some three hundred yards in length. I had ascended about half way when the hound began to exhibit evident signs of uneasiness; and at the same instant a stag sprang out from some under brush near by, and rushed like a whirlwind up the slope. A word, and the hound was crouching at my feet, and my trained Cherokee, with ear erect and flashing eye, watched the course of the affrighted animal.

On the very summit of the ridge, full one hundred and fifty yards distant, every limb standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, the stag paused, and looked proudly down upon us.—After a moment of indecision I raised my rifle, and sent the whizzing lead upon its errand. A single bound, and the antlered monarch was hidden from my view. Hastily running down a ball, I ascended the slope, my blood ran a little faster, as I saw the "gouts of blood" which stained the withered leaves where he had stood. One moment more, and the excited hound was leaping breast high on his trail, and the gallant Cherokee bore his rider like lightning after them.

Away—away! for hours, we did thus hasten on without once being at fault, or checking our headlong speed. The chase had led us miles from the starting point, and now appeared to be bearing up a creek, on one side of which rose a precipitous hill some two miles in length, which I knew the wounded animal would never ascend. Half a mile farther on, another hill reared its bleak and barren head, on the opposite side of the rivulet. Once fairly in the gorge there was no exit, save at the upper end of the ravine. Here then I must intercept my game, which I was able to do by taking a near cut over the ridge, that saved at least a mile.

Giving one parting shout to cheer my dog, Cherokee bore me headlong to the pass. I had scarcely arrived, when, black with sweat, the stag came laboring up the gorge, seemingly totally reckless of our presence. Again I poured forth the "leaden messenger of death," as meteorlike he flashed by us. One bound, and the noble animal lay prostrate within fifty feet of where I stood. Leaping from my horse, and placing one knee upon his shoulder, and a hand upon his antlers, I drew my hunting knife; but scarcely had its keen point touched his neck, when with a sudden bound, he threw me from his body, and my knife was hurled from my hand. In hunter's parlance, I had only "creased him." I at once saw my danger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, with his sharp feet and horns. I seized him by his wide spread antlers, and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain; each new struggle drew us farther from it. Cherokee, frightened at this unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of the ridge, where he stood looking down upon the combat, trembling and quivering in every limb.

The ridge road I had taken, had placed us far in advance of the hound, whose bay I could not now hear.

The struggles of the furious animal had become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs cutting deep into my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinquished not my hold. The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch washed by the heavy fall rains, and into this I endeavored to force my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort; when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold, and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him. But he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast before I could again seize him. Locking my arms around his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last long; every muscle and fibre of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to heaven I prepared to meet my fate.

At this moment of despair, I heard the faint bayings of the hound. The stag, too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yet that blessed sound came nearer and nearer! Oh, how wildly beat my heart, as I saw the hound emerge from the ravine, and spring forward, with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game. I released my hold of the stag, who turned upon this new enemy. Exhausted and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that dastard like, fled before the infuriated animal, who seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursed the coward dog, who stood near baying furiously, yet refusing to seize his game. Oh, how I prayed for Bravo! The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus, in the wild forest, alone, with none to help! Thoughts of home and friends coursed like lightning through my brain.—At that moment, when hope itself had fled, deep and clear over the neighboring hill, came the baying of my gallant Bravo! I should have known his voice among a thousand! I pealed forth in one faint shout, "On, Bravo! on!" The next moment, with tiger like bounds, the noble dog came leaping down the declivity, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. "No pause he knew," but fixing his fangs in the stag's throat, he at once commenced the struggle.

I fell back, completely exhausted. Blinded with blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late adversary at my feet; and Bravo, "my own Bravo," as the heroine of a modern novel would say, standing over me. He yet bore around his neck a fragment of the rope with which I had tied him. He had gnawed it in two, and following his master through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrid death.

I have recovered from my wounds. Bravo is lying at my feet. Who does not love Bravo? I am sure I do; and the rascal knows it! Don't you, Bravo? Come here, sir! E. R. W.

Gloves.—Dr. Bacon, the able editor of the New York "Day Book," is out, in a late number of that paper, against the effeminate, dandyish custom of wearing gloves—an article which he says is "[illegible] at the thing for women, but which men should discard entirely." The doctor wields a vigorous pen—equally effective against petty follies and giant vices—and, in the present instance, we hardly need say he handles the subject "without gloves."

Worth Recording.—In the capital papers, called "A little dinner at Timmins's," the writer says: "If they gave a dinner beyond their means, it is no business of mine. I hate a man who goes and eats a friend's meat, and then blabs the secrets of the mahogany. Such a man deserves never to be asked to dinner again."

Life in New York.

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The Tribune has already contained a series of statistical articles on the subject of female labor, which gave many curious and surprising facts. Our object at present is to review things in the general, for the purpose of giving the reader a comprehensive view of the various classes into which Society in the metropolis is divided. It will be sufficient, therefore, for our purpose to present in a few words the average prices paid for various kinds of needlework, at the principal and prosperous establishments.

Common cotton shirts, and flannel under-shirts, six cents each. A good seamstress can run up two of these shirts per day; and even a very swift hand, by working from sunrise to midnight, can make three—being 75 cents per week for the common worker, and $1.12½ cts. for the swiftest; of course allowing nothing for holidays, sickness, accidents, being out of work, &c., &c. Good cotton shirts, with linen bosoms, neatly stitched, are made for twenty-five cents apiece. A good seamstress will make one in a day, thus earning $1.50 per week, by constant labor. Fine linen shirts with plaited bosoms, which cannot be made by the very best hands short of fifteen to eighteen hours steady work, are paid fifty cents each. An ordinary hand can make a garment of this kind in two days. Trowsers, overalls, drawers, under-shirts, &c., &c., pay a shilling apiece to the seamstress, who can make one and perhaps two a day. Cloth pantaloons, vests, &c., pay eighteen to fifty cents—very seldom the latter price—and a woman makes, on the average, about one a day. Thus, not to prolong these details, it may be stated, in a word, that the seamstress who is fortunate enough to get steady work, earns from seventy-five cents to two dollars a week. Besides these, it is necessary to state that the dress-makers, or at any rate the great majority of them, get absolutely nothing for their work. The way it is managed is this: The proprietors of the large dress-making establishments receive a great number of apprentices, who remain six months for nothing, boarding themselves in the mean time, for the privilege of learning the trade. They can already sew swiftly and well, or they are not accepted. To them are given out the dresses, and they are kept constantly at work sewing (not learning anything new) until the very day before their apprenticeship expires. Then a few hours are spent in giving them some general directions about cutting a dress, and they are discharged—their being no room for *journeywomen on wages* in an establishment where all work is done by *apprentices for nothing*. As fast as their "education" is completed, they are replaced by other apprentices—and so it goes on—the dashing proprietress of the establishment growing rich and aristocratic, and the poor girls turning out upon the world to die of starvation and despair, or sell themselves to infamy.

Here then are the facts respecting a large and increasing class of our female population; and a sad enough picture they present. It is this picture which gave rise a few days since to the following eloquent outburst of feeling from a lady of our acquaintance of whom I was soliciting information: "Is it not the strangest thing that can well be conceived, that Woman, who by the present constitution of Society is made politically and socially a slave—who has no voice in the Government to which she submits, in making the laws she is forced to obey—who is in short not recognized by any human institution of these days as an independent individual, or as anything apart from the necessity Man has for using or abusing her—that she is not, like other slaves, whose existence is merged in their masters, even secured food, clothing and shelter for the fleeting 'gleam between two eternities' on which glides by her pale and suffering opposition? The workwoman has indeed no rights of her own. She can be oppressed, cheated, trampled upon, until the joyous life within her becomes a dead and poisonous impulse that drives her through the world eager for the grave, or stings her into desperation and revenge. But how revenge her wrongs? She has no redress, neither in those laws she did not sanction nor in that public opinion she cannot influence, and which regards her not. Seeing this, her gentle and tender nature at length undergoes a change. Then the feeble becomes the terrible, the weak and suffering Woman is transformed into an avenging demon. And who may wonder at her!"

In this great republican metropolis—this foregone result of the highest and best thing that civilization can do, with all our boasted "free" institutions in full bloom and life—there are thirty thousand virtuous women who have to live, die and be buried on what they can earn with their hands. In the ranks of this class of our population we find Woman in almost every aspect of misery, ever struggling and faint with the burden of life. Wives and daughters of broken-down merchants and speculating politicians form a large item in this catalogue. Reduced from affluence to poverty and keen want, they are all unlearned in the great secret of yielding gracefully to the inevitable, and maintain day by day a fierce, unequal, but not doubtful contest with "cruel Fortune," until they sink beneath temptation or despair—to the brothel or the grave! A majority are borne up by pride alone from beggary, and the few who still calendar them among their acquaintances do not suspect to what strait they have been driven, until the crisis arrives and is over.

Next come the widows of tradesmen and mechanics, the wives and daughters of those who cannot get employment, and the wives of sick and intemperate husbands, and the children of invalid or drunken parents. Here are to be found some of the most patient and long-suffering, starving, toiling, heart-broken, yet courageous women that ever glorified their Creator. Here, in miserable open garrets, utterly deprived of human hope and sympathy, and often languid and faint from the mere want of food, these creatures show what angels women are. Sometimes—oh! too often—the sickness of pain and suffering, or the brutal appetite of hunger and intemperance makes the sick father or the drunken mother, command the pale and tender daughter to go out into the streets and sell herself for gold! Must it not be a life-resembling hell itself that begets such crimes as this? And how dare we wonder and shrug our shoulders with a pious sneer at those among these unfortunates who do not resist?

Then, too, from out their workshop windows, through the chinks and crannies of their miserable lodgings, our poor workers see how gaily the busy and seeming-joyous world goes on—how *every* one appears to have hope in his eye and elasticity in his step. Nor can they fail to mark among the passing throng many women not more beautiful than themselves—whom perhaps they have well known as fellow workers—who go flaunting idly along in gay and costly robes, receiving the stealthy smiles and admiration of the lords of creation, who follow skulking after till they turn down some dark corner and with the outlay of a smile and a seductive word secure their victim. They want for nothing—they live in luxury—their white hands look fair and delicate from want of employment—their eyes seem to sparkle with health, and their forms are rounded and elastic with generous fare and absence of toil. Is it surprising that our poor workers, looking out from their rags and squalid poverty and starvation upon all this, should forget (what perhaps they have never been informed of) the horror, the agony, the despair, the disease, the madness, which are the inevitable future of the courtezan? and that too many of them should, alas! desire to be like her?

But we are trenching upon somewhat broader ground than we had intended to occupy in these unpretending sketches, and find ourselves in contact with that great and terrible question, the Causes of Prostitution—a question which none has yet had the courage to answer. Our object is simply to present a correct view of a large and unfortunate class of females, surrounded with all the trials and temptations which beset them—leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. Having done this, with what little power of pen-limning we possess, we will take advantage of the occasion to solemnly warn young women in the country against indulging for an instant the fatal desire of coming to the city to seek their fortunes by labor. If they could, as we have done, attend day after day the bar of the Police Court, or read the secret docket of the innumerable cases of heart-brokenness, desolation and crime that there appear—or hear from their own lips the history of the wretched creatures who people the innumerable dens of infamy that abound in the metropolis—they would learn this one frightful truth: That more than half the prostitutes and female criminals in the city, came here from the country to earn a living in some honest way, and to gratify an innocent longing for a little female finery and a passion to "see the world." The sad story is ever, ever the same—first destitution, then absolute want and hunger, then turned out of doors houseless and homeless, or offered the dreadful alternative of prostitution. Young woman!—if you are indeed a real Woman and no innate demon assuming angelic form of purity, the better to carry on hell's work on earth—mark well our warning! Stay calmly where you are, beneath your own pure skies and amid the virtuous freshness of your home, no matter how humble it may be. Work—spin—dig—till the soil—*do anything* virtuous that will earn you bread—and more bread is not so very difficult to get in the country! But as you value your moral purity and the welfare of your immortal soul, come not into the city, to lose yourself in the boiling, seething cauldron of licentiousness that rages forever here. If you have an intellect too active to be satisfied with the dull routine of a country life, read and improve your mind by study, and mature your heart by contemplation. If you have aspirations for the beautiful—surround yourself with flowers and teach birds and gentle creatures to be your playmates and companions; endear yourself to all the little children in the neighborhood—conceive the grand and noble ambition, the only one worthy of Woman's soul, of rendering yourself necessary to your fellow creatures, with all the natural reach of your sphere, and of adding something to the beauty of this beautiful earth, of which God has made you the brightest and most precious blessing. Then may you, poor and humble though you be, fill your life with a gentle joy that shall bring health and happiness to cheek and eyes and surround your innocent pillow with celestial dreams.

A LOVE LETTER.

The following letter was found on the person of a slave, who had secreted himself on the steamship Columbus on her last trip from Charleston. The Columbus put into Wilmington, N. C., and the slave was sent back to his master. A variety of papers were found upon his person, and among them this letter, "in his own handwriting." If original, it manifests a faculty for composition, that would not disgrace nine-tenths of our literati:

Dear Lady:—The homage of a devoted heart, now beating with hope, now trembling with anxiety, is offered to you, is yours. Reject it, scorn it; it is yours. I do not write to tell you that I can love you; that I wish to love you; that I ask the privilege to love you. I write simply to tell you that I do love you, and that with a passion so ardent, a feeling so profound, that, in spite of all the obstacles that interfere, I have been compelled to venture this declaration. To say that you are beautiful, graceful and accomplished—that you are lovely—that you are admirable in all that makes woman admired, is but to echo or embody the thoughts of all around you. All acknowledge your attractions, but I feel them; and I cannot be so false to my own heart, as to conceal its emotions from the object to which they tend.

Lady, my position is humble; but not so are my aspirations and my hopes, for I have dared to love you. I have not the gifts of fortune; yet I am seeking what the wealth of the universe could not purchase from me—your love. Let that be still, as it has been, the bright star of my destiny. Let it be the God of my ambition, and you shall see how bravely I will endeavor to deserve what I aspire to—the favor that can give unbounded happiness to me.

Please answer as soon as possible.

Your devoted admirer, JAS. E. SCOTT.

Varieties.

A LEGEND.

We find in a late sermon of Theodore Parker, the following story. The subject of the discourse is "rest."

"They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple, on a feast day, disputing about rest. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men. The third, that it was the possession of power to rule the state. The fourth, that it consisted only in a happy home. The fifth, that it must only be in the old age of one who is rich; powerful, famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all were vain unless a man keep all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said,—'Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary,—he only can find rest, who to all these things addeth this,—that he keepeth the tradition of the elders.'

"There sat in the Court a fair-haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said,—'Nay, nay, my fathers, he only loveth rest, who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth, and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age, he is law to himself, and above tradition.' The doctors were astonished. They said,—'when Christ cometh, shall He tell us greater things?' And they thanked God, for they said,—'the old men are not always wise, yet God be praised that out of the mouth of this young suckling has His praise become perfect.'"

ANCIENT AND MODERN PRICES
(WRITTEN IN 1790.)

In the year 712 and 727, a ewe and lamb were rated at one shilling Saxon money, until a fortnight after Easter. Between 900 and 1,000, two hides of land, each containing about one hundred and twenty acres, were sold for one hundred shillings. In 1,000, by King Etherlred's laws, a horse was rated at thirty shillings; a mare or colt, of a year old, at twenty shillings; a mule or young ass, at twelve shillings; an ox, at thirty pence; a cow, at twenty-four pence; a sow, at eight pence; a sheep, at one shilling. In 1043, a quarter of wheat was sold for sixty pence. From these and other similar facts, it is computed, that in the Saxon Era, there was ten times less money, in proportion to commodities, than at present, so that the price of everything, according to our present language, must have been thirty times cheaper than it is now. In the reign of William the Conqueror, commodities were ten times cheaper than they are at present, and hence we cannot help forming a very exalted idea of the wealth and power of that monarch. For the revenue of William the Conqueror, was four hundred thousand pounds per annum, every pound being equal to that weight of silver, consequently the whole may be estimated at one million, two hundred thousand pounds of the present consumption, a sum which, considering the different value of money between that period and the present time, was equivalent to twelve millions of modern estimation.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A man who had struggled with a malignant disease, approached that crisis in its stage, on which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed; her servants, exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight—a door was open for air; she heard, in the stillness of the night a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised, entered the room.—She instantly saw her husband's danger, and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lip to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and keys. To her surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room; and without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, he departed.—*Sunnyville Iris.*

A Paris Boy.—The following anecdote of the insurrection of June, appears in several of the Paris papers:—At the barricade of the Place Maubert, in Paris, a young Garde Mobile boldly mounted, amidst a shower of balls, to seize a flag. The moment he put his hand on the trophy, an insurgent present his musket at him, and was on the point of firing, when the boy exclaimed, "Tush! your piece is not loaded." The insurgent mechanically moved his musket to assure himself of the fact, and in an instant the boy shot him dead, and descended with his flag, mingling his own laughter with the applause of his comrades. "What fools these fellows are," said he to an officer who embraced him with enthusiasm, "they don't even know what they are about." This boy, who has already been mentioned in the French journals, was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and was decorated by General Cavaignac. During the fighting he received balls in four different places, and was otherwise wounded.

Alphabetical Conundrums.—Why is the letter A like the meridian? Because it's the middle of day. Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Because it makes oil boil. Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because, by its association with evil, it becomes, a devil. Why is the letter E like the end of time? Because it is the beginning of eternity. Why is the letter F like death? Because it makes all fall. Why is the letter G like wisdom? Because it is the beginning of greatness and goodness. Why is the letter H like the death of Adam? "This is the end of earth." Why is the letter I like the American Revolution? Because it is the beginning of Independence. Why is the letter J like the end of Spring? Because it is the beginning of June. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is the latter end of pork. Why is the letter L like a young lady giving away her sweetheart to another? Because it makes over a lover.

Very Accommodating.—It is said that political bodies are always partial to friends and partisans. The following story, told in seeming good faith by a gentleman a day or two since, if true, would indicate the going the entire swine in the spirit of favoritism. The statement was, that a few nights ago a watchman, in one of the districts of the County, while going along a little boozy, fell over a fire-plug, and did himself some trifling damage.

He represented the matter as one of great individual grievance to the authorities of the district, and, without a moment's hesitation, the fire-plug was ordered to be removed by them. The story smacks a good deal of a Roorback, and as the relator was a political opponent of the party in power, his account must be taken with many grains of allowance. If true, it only proves "that some things can be done as well as others."—*Ledger.*

The Three Friends.—Man has three friends in this world—how do they conduct themselves in the hour of death, when God summons him before His tribunal? Money, his best friend, leaves him first, and goes not with him. His relations and his friends accompany him to the threshold of the grave, and then return to their houses. The third, which he often forgets during his life, are his good works. They alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge—they go before—speak, and obtain mercy and pardon for him.

A Strong Comparison.—A love-sick swain, desirous to indicate the extent and character of his love for the empress of his heart, cried out: "Ah, Miss Brown, Miss Brown, my affection for you is so strong as—as—as—the butter they gave me for dinner!" She was satisfied, as she boarded at the same house. The bargain was struck, and yesterday they were married.

Method of Distinguishing Iron From Steel.—Drop a little weak aquafortis on the metal; let it remain for a few minutes, and then wash it off with water. If it is steel, the spot will be black; but if iron, the spot will be whitish grey.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

EMPLOYERS AND OPERATIVES.

The Pittsburg Factories, it appears, are now all under way again, with one exception. There was a compromise between the employers and the operatives. The Ten Hours system is to be adopted, with a reduction of 16 per cent. in the wages. Why could not this compromise have been hit upon at first, without a disturbance?

Our own opinion upon the matter is this. The operatives are right in the Ten Hours movement—ten hours a day is long enough for men and girls to work. And the employers are right also. They have to compete with the manufacturers of other states and of foreign countries, and it is just that the Legislature should remember this when making alterations of the laws. But still it would not do to hold on to our bad laws forever, because other states had laws of a similar bad character.—Some one must begin, and the beginning should be made; but, because it is a beginning, the change should not be too radical and sweeping. Employers and employed should move jointly in such matters. The employed, for the sake of reform; the employers, for the same reason, and also to guard that great immediate evil be not done by forcing certain kinds of business out of the state. The interests of both parties, though antagonistical to a certain degree, are identical to a far greater extent. They may be antagonistical so far as a division of the profits is concerned, but they are identical when the question arises whether there shall be any business or profits at all. It would therefore be well for each party to try and understand, more correctly than at present, the position of the other. Let employers learn to look at those under them as men, and not as mere doers of certain kinds of work; and let workmen learn to regard their employers as men who have rights and interests as well as themselves, and not take advantage of every opportunity that opens, to embarrass and force them into certain terms by a simultaneous strike for higher wages. If there was more of a disposition in both classes to deal one with the other in the spirit of persuasion and forbearance, rather than in that of force, it would be better for both.

IRELAND.

The last hope of the friends of the late movement in Ireland, has now melted "into thin air." Meagher, the young and eloquent, the Patrick Henry of the cause, has allowed himself to be arrested, indignantly refusing to surrender himself, or do aught else that might be construed into an act of submission. With his imprisonment ends the last act in this drama of Irish rebellion. We might call it a *farce*—but respect for the brave and unfortunate men engaged in it, restrains our pen.

The friends of Ireland have now nothing else to do, than to fall back upon Conciliation Hall, and try again the slow but perhaps sure lever of moral power. For anything else, it is probable, the Irish people are not ready. We do not blame them. It is no slight matter to peril all that makes life dear, domestic happiness, and the calm of every day existence,—to exchange these for the uncertain fate and the stormy life of an insurrectionist. It is a small matter for us, sitting in our easy chairs, to talk lightly of the perils of a rebellion—with them it is a matter affecting business, daily bread, wives, children, freedom and life. We therefore have no words of censure for the great mass of the Irish people. They were the best judges of the probability of success, and whether the old pain was preferable to the new peril. The consequences of that choice is upon their heads and their children's.

AMERICAN DELEGATES.

Two German Jews recently imposed themselves upon the students and liberal citizens of Vienna, as delegates from the citizens of New York, bringing assurances of American sympathy in the shape of an offer of one hundred thousand men and eight thousand florins, which latter, they averred, they had brought along with them. A great parade was being made of the deputies, a guard of honor being stationed at their door, &c.; when the proceedings reached the ears of the American Ambassador, who immediately exposed the imposture in the papers. But the good Viennese had no idea of giving up their prize; and could not be satisfied that they had been duped, until they applied to an American traveller, who happened to be staying at a hotel in that city. He suggested—what they had never thought of—that they should make application for the eight thousand florins. But by this time the birds had flown, and the two American delegates, with their proffers of one hundred thousand men and eight thousand florins, were nowhere to be found.

PEACHES.

Peaches have been cheaper and more plentiful this summer, in this part of the world, than we have ever before known them. They have been sold at six cents a basket occasionally. A friend who recently visited Maryland, informs us that he saw an orchard of most splendid peaches, into which the owner had turned his hogs—as it would not pay expenses to send the fruit to market. We have also heard of this being done in other cases. Such hogs, we think, ought to make good pork.

The older portion of our inhabitants are said to be considerably mortified by this amazing plentifulness of peaches—inasmuch as they find it impossible to say that they ever knew of a larger crop in old times. Of course the size and quality of the peaches were vastly superior seventy years ago, when our "oldest inhabitants" were young.

A POOR TRICK.

It is getting rather too common, now-a-days, for the managers of political meetings to announce the expected presence of various distinguished gentlemen, without any sufficient guaranty of their intention to be present. It generally turns out that not more than one, and perhaps none, of some half dozen announced, are present at the meeting. This is a small business, gentlemen politicians, and does no good to the party that you represent. In politics as well as in some other things, a scrupulous regard to truth is the best policy.

A BULL.

Some of the wits are amusing themselves with the thought, that the first Irish *insurrection* should have resulted in a practical *bull*—being, in fact, no insurrection at all. They assert that the Irish would have been false to their national characteristic, if it had been otherwise. It is suggested that if they will denominate their next attempt a "*passable dimonstration*," the chances will be very great of its turning out a pretty serious row.

PARIS.

At the last dates, fears of another outbreak appeared to prevail in Paris. The cause was either the threatened prosecution of Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and others, or else a feeling of dissatisfaction at things generally. The soldiery was said to be provisioned for several days. It was considered probable, however, that in a short time all would gradually become calm again.

ROME.

The Pope and people of Rome are highly indignant at the entrance of the Austrian army into the Roman territory. The Chamber of Deputies has unanimously decided to appeal to France. The vote has been officially communicated to the French Ambassador, to be sent to Paris. This matter will doubtless be included in the mediation of England and France.

THE COTTON CROP.

A correspondent, who writes from Vernon, Madison County, Mississippi, says:

"Our cotton crop was very promising until about three weeks ago, when the rainy season set in and the boll worm commenced its ravages. It has already injured the crop fully one-third, and if the wet weather continues will injure it one-half."

SMITH O'BRIEN.

We give on our first page a portrait of this leader of the late Irish attempt at insurrection. The following is an account of himself and family:

"He was born at Dromoland, County of Clare, on the 17th of October, 1803, being the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, fourth baronet (who died in 1837,) by the daughter and co-heiress of W. Smith, Esq., of Cahirmoyle, County of Limerick. The latter lady was a very rich heiress. The issue of this marriage, in addition to the subject of our notice, consisted of eight other children, including Sir Lucius, the eldest son.

"The present head of the house of O'Brien, or Bryen, is the Marquis of Thomond, who adopts the latter form of orthography, and he deduces his descent from the royal line of Thomond, a race of princes which sprang from the celebrated Hibernian monarch, Brian Boroihme, or Boru, who commenced his reign in 1002, terminated it with his life near Clontarf, in 1014. Should the present Marquis die without male issue, Sir Lucius O'Brien will succeed him as Baron Inchiquin: but not to the higher titles, which will become extinct. In reference to the existence of these titles, it may be added that in 1543, Murrough O'Brien, the then head of the house, repaired to England and resigned his sovereignty to Edward VI., and was in recompense created Earl of Thomond for life, and Baron Inchiquin. The second holder of the baronetcy, Sir Edward O'Brien, was son of Right Hon. Lucius O'Brien, who died during the lifetime of his father, by Catherine, daughter of Thomas Keightley, Esq., of Harlingford, County of Herts, grand-daughter of the first Earl of Clarendon, and first cousin of Queens Mary and Anne.

"Mr. O'Brien married, about twelve years since, the daughter of Joseph Gabbett, Esq., of Limerick, by whom he has had either six or seven children. Mr. O'Brien is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge; when first returned for the family borough of Ennis, in 1830, Mr. O'Brien was a tory, and as such opposed Mr. O'Connell in the case of the memorable Clare election. He subsequently became a whig, then a radical, and in 1843 he first joined the repeal radio. Since 1835, he has represented the County of Limerick. On the last occasion he succeeded in defeating Mr. Caleb Powell, the Old Ireland candidate, by 24 votes. Mr. O'Brien fought a duel with the late Mr. Thomas Steele, having exchanged two shots with that gentleman. Sir Lucius O'Brien, elder brother, is Lord Lieutenant of the County of Clare. The Dowager Lady O'Brien is still living, and possesses a property of about £5,000 per annum, to which her second son was always considered to be the heir, but in other respect than as heir in prospect, Mr. O'Brien never was wealthy. He has, when in Ireland, taken up his residence at the seat of his mother."

WILL GAS EXPLODE.

The New York papers having satisfactorily settled, by agreeing to leave unsettled, the great question, long agitated in that city, concerning the explosive qualities of saltpetre, are engaged in the discussion of a similar question, will gas explode? A recent fire which destroyed a large portion of the gas works of New York, including a gasometer, and left the city to the mercies of darkness and tallow, mould and spermaceti candles for a time, originated the discussion. This question, however, will probably be sooner settled than the great saltpetre one, as a gas engineer thus answers it, as it would appear, conclusively:

If gas escapes in a confined room, and mixes with the air in the proportion of 1 of gas to 7 or 8 of air, it will explode. If in the proportion of 1 of gas to 5 of air, or 1 of gas to 14 of air, there can be no explosion. Before sufficient gas could escape in a room to cause an explosion, the inmates would be driven out, to avoid suffocation. A gas holder, filled with gas, cannot explode, because there is no gas within. Gas will burn only when in contact with the air, otherwise when a burner in a house was lighted, the flame would rush back into the pipes—a thing that never happens. If you were to make a hole into a gasometer, and apply flame, the gas would burn quietly from the orifice, the same as from a burner. The New York Gas Company had a large gasometer destroyed on Wednesday by the fire; it was filled with gas, yet there was no explosion.

THE CANDIDATES.

The Democratic Convention nominated, on the fifth ballot, Morris Longstreth as the candidate of the party for Governor of Pennsylvania. The Whig Convention nominated, by acclamation, the present acting Governor, William F. Johnston, for the same office. We understand that both Messrs. Longstreth and Johnston are able and worthy men, well qualified to fill the Gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania. Mr. Johnston, it is understood, will canvass the State in person—a practice borrowed from the West, and one which we highly approve. We like to have a chance of seeing the men for one of whom we are to vote. A noble, honest man's best credentials are those engraven by a life's practice of virtue, upon his face.

In the Third Congressional District, the Taylor party have nominated Henry D. Moore, of Spring Garden; and the Democrats, William S. Hallowell, of Spring Garden.

In the Fourth District the Taylor men have nominated John S. Littell. The Democrats, at the present writing, have made no nomination.

PRETTY GOOD.

The editor of the New York Atlas tells a pretty good story. The other day, with a friend, he stepped into a hotel in that city, and seeing a gentleman paying his bill at the bar, pointed him out to his companion as Capt. John Tyler, Jr., with the remark, as the friend in question had been at one time at the head of the "Corporal's Guard," of New York city, "There is your old friend, Capt. John Tyler, Jr." The conversation then, according to the Atlas, proceeded as follows:

"My friend!" ejaculated *our* friend. "Who is he?"

"Why, Captain John Tyler, Jr.," we replied.

"Captain John Tyler!" was the response of our unsophisticated friend; "and pray, who is he?"

"Why, the son of the *late* Captain John Tyler, the once President of the United States," said we. "Don't you know him?"

"John Tyler, John Tyler!" responded our friend, "why, it does appear to me that I somewhere, in days gone by, heard of such a man; but upon my life, I can't now recollect who he is!"

CATHOLICISM.

England is again to have a Roman Catholic Hierarchy. The Rev. Dr. Walsh has been appointed Archbishop of Westminster, and the Rev. Dr. Wiseman, his coadjutor. Bishops of Birmingham and Plymouth have also been appointed. What a change since the time when the English settlers of Derry wrote upon the gates of their town, the outrageously proscriptive sentence: "Turk, Jew and Atheist may enter here—but not a Papist."

A NEW PAPER.

Comstock, the indefatigable, has issued the first number of a new paper, in his new-fangled type, with sufficient *English* however, to make his object intelligible. It is marvellous what an amount of zeal Comstock wastes on his phonetic hobby. The idea of a "*perfect* alphabet," Doctor, in this very *imperfect* world, is a little too ludicrous.—How can an *imperfect* man invent a *perfect* alphabet? Answer us that, Doctor.

CLUB.

There is much dispute in Paris as to the pronunciation of the word *club*. Some say clob, others clubs, cloob, and so on. The current pronunciation is *clube*, giving the *u* the sound it has in *tune*. Only a small class venture to use the English pronunciation, *club*.

NIAGARA FALLS.

The glory of Niagara is already beginning to depart, judging from the following paragraph, which appears in the Rochester Democrat:

"Business at the Falls is becoming of more importance than heretofore. The unlimited water power is beginning to be made of service in various branches of manufacture."

THE POTATO CROP.

The potato crop in England and Ireland, is reported to be unusually large. Accounts are very discouraging in relation to the rot, though they may prove to be exaggerated.

OURSELVES.

The Chicopee Telegraph says of Mrs. Stephens's story: "It is replete with interest, written in her unusually fine style, and fully worth the price of subscription for the paper." The Telegraph also says:

We have always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers abound.

The "North American and United States Gazette" of this city, one of the leading journals of the Union, also recently paid the Post a high compliment. After saying that its columns are "well stored with original and selected articles of a very high grade of merit," and eulogizing Mrs. Stephens's story, it goes on to say:

Not the least interesting portion of this paper to us, is to be found in its editorials, which are always written with ability, a fearless frankness in regard to the right, and an utter disregard of the world's wrong opinions, which mark a mind well-balanced and true. The Post keeps a steady march in the way of increase of subscribers, as we know—a success it well deserves from its own merits.

We hope our subscribers will excuse us for deviating a little from our usual course in publishing the above remarks relative to the *editorials* of the Post, inasmuch as they indicate the mark towards which we are continually striving in the conduct of our paper. It is our object to make the Post a frank, honest and fearless paper, so far as it can be done consistently with that neutrality to which we are pledged. And those that have taken this paper for the last few years, will, we think, admit that neutrality is perfectly consistent with a very tolerable degree of editorial freedom. For our neutrality is not a *dead*, so much as a *live* neutrality. And we know that our readers would rather run the risk of having some cherished opinion checked a little occasionally by the editor, than that he should, as some others do, spread before them weekly a table of fruits, insipid, dull and tasteless. We know this, because we know our readers generally must be persons of good sense and judgment—or else, assuredly, they would not take the Post.

FREE SOIL MEETING.

The Free Soil party had a large meeting in this city, on Thursday evening of last week, at which John Van Buren was present. Anxiety to see that gentleman, drew great numbers belonging to the other parties, to the spot, and the result was a perfect jam. Mr. Van Buren is a tall, well proportioned, rather good looking man, of an imposing presence. His face did not altogether please us, but we are hard to please in faces. He is a good speaker, argumentative, clear and solid, with sufficient dry humor and wit, to season the more substantial matters of his discourse.

Mr. Van Buren's speech was completely thrown in the shade, however, in some respects, by one delivered afterwards by Dr. Elder, of this city—a gentleman who has made the finest stump speeches we ever listened to. Van Buren's was such a speech as a statesman need not be ashamed of; Elder's was that of a man of genius, all edge, enthusiasm and fire. Of course we speak of these speeches simply as speeches, without any endorsement of their sentiments.

The meeting, during Mr. Van Buren's speech, was quite tumultuous. His allusions to Taylor and Cass were received by the friends of those gentlemen with loud cheers for their favorite candidates. At one time some of the Cass men became a little riotous, but order was finally restored by the exertions of Judge Kelly, (a Democrat) and of the city police. During Dr. Elder's speech, as nothing was said against the candidates of the other parties, everything became orderly. On the whole, it was quite a rich, entertaining, exciting, and, from the great heat of the weather, altogether *melting* affair.

The President of the meeting, (B. W. Richards) and a majority of the officers, were gentlemen who have formerly acted with the Democratic party; the rest of the officers were Liberty Party men and Whigs.

MISSING NUMBERS.

A subscriber, a Postmaster in Virginia, who writes requesting us to send him two numbers of the Post that are missing, says:

I have no doubt some newspaper *thief* has stolen them. I hope he may be converted by reading them, and subscribe and pay for one, and have a paper of his own.

It is really refreshing to come across a man once in a while, who, when he fails to receive his paper, can imagine it possible that it is owing to the covetousness or wickedness of some other person than the publishers.

ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

A carriage was dashed to pieces, in New Haven, containing a lady and gentleman, *who had been newly married*. Neither of them were injured in the slightest degree.

Doubtless if the above parties had not been "joined in Hymen's silken tie," one or both would have been seriously injured. This is the last instance we have heard of the advantages of matrimony.

THE TAYLOR PLATFORM.

Any who have been dubious as to the true character of the Taylor Platform, can now have their doubts satisfied by a personal inspection. A weekly paper, with this title, having been recently started at No. 30½ Walnut st., in this city.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 14th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—I believe that my last letter was written from Brooklyn, Conn. We left that place soon after, for New York, via Hartford and New Haven. In New York we remained a few days—just long enough to see all our friends who were not out of town. We put up at "Judson's Hotel," a most admirably kept, neat and quiet house, which we would more unequivocally recommend than some larger and more pretending establishments. Our visit to the great city was very pleasant, taking into consideration the advanced season. It was not so oppressively warm upon Broadway as we had anticipated, and there certainly was enough going on in the way of amusements *pour passer le temps.*

It was on a morning of surpassing beauty that we left the city to ascend the Hudson, for the first time. The sky was resplendent with brightness, and clear as the blue eye of one we love—the sunlight flooded the shore, and flashed over the waters—a soft breeze played about us, as we stood on the deck of our flying craft—it bore us sweet breathings from the banks, where the gay trifler had been frolicking with and wooing fond flowers and susceptible young leaves, till they quivered with irrepressible delight and trembled with a visible gladness.

After all we had heard and read, and seen in paintings, the magnificence and loveliness of the Hudson scenery broke upon us with a joyful surprise. We knew absolutely nothing of the wealth of beauty with which Nature had dowered that glorious stream. As our eyes dwelt on those shores, now towering in stern grandeur, now sleeping in serene loveliness, and everywhere crowned with the glory of their Summer verdure, our spirits were intoxicated with a pure delight, and we revelled luxuriously in the sense of the beautiful.

At Watervliet, (West Troy,) we spent some days, with a relative, the Commandant of the U. S. Arsenal at that place. As you may suppose, all the military lions were faithfully shown up to us. Among other things, I was much interested in seeing a large number of guns and mortars, taken from the British during the Revolution—and some French pieces.

Since being appointed to this station, Major Baker has been constantly employed in building, and making various improvements in the grounds.

The wooden buildings which were in use in the time of his predecessor, General Worth, have been removed, and elegant, massive stone structures erected in their stead. Although myself professing "peace principles," I found this military station a most interesting place to visit. I was shown through all the work-shops, even the immense smithery, with which I was by far the most impressed; I have always thought the blacksmith's employment peculiarly picturesque, a most manly department of labor. Were I an artizan, I should prefer thus to grapple with toil. I love to watch the sturdy smith, as he stands in the intense glow of the flaming forge, and bends the massive iron like an osier twig, and melts it like pliant wax, while sound and ring his heavy blows, and the red sparks fall about him like a storm of fire. To me, there is much of true beauty in this display of physical strength and hardy energy, and I cannot look upon the marriage of Venus and Vulcan as such a *mesalliance* after all.

The railroad route from Troy to Utica lies through a fine country, in some places cultivated like a garden, and in others wild as nature itself. We stopped but a few hours at Utica, and took the night-train for Rochester. We found the cars crowded with delegates to the great Buffalo Convention. Our car was filled to over-flowing with Barn-burners, on fire with free-soil democracy and turbulent with patriotic enthusiasm. So, as you may suppose, it was no place for meditation, or a quiet retiracy into the inner life of the spirit, as a transcendentalist might say.

But I have always a ready sympathy with great political excitement. I love to see men thoroughly roused, vehemently in earnest—feeling their manhood in every nerve, and pressing resolutely forward to the free expression and bold vindication of principles and rights. I love to see a regular tornado of popular enthusiasm careering over the land. I love to see the popular mind up-heaving tumultuously, like the ocean roused by a midnight storm. I love to hear the deep, thunderous voice which speaks its irresistible might—to see it lit up ever and now and then with the blaze of passion, as it sweeps away the old land-marks and boldly dashes against the bulwarks of power, policy and partizanship.

"Oh, night and storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!" Yet how much stronger, grander and more glorious is the shock of contending minds, the fierce struggle of truth with error, than the blind strife of the elements.

It is the nature of our political institutions to keep our people earnest, active and alive. American men "feel their life in every limb," their freedom in every footstep, their rights in every heart-throb.

In this beautiful city I have now spent about a week, among the scenes and friends of my early girlhood. Rochester was for some years my well-beloved home;—here it was that I spent my few school-days—received my trifle of book knowledge for "much learning" has never yet made me "mad" or *blue*. It was here that woman's life first opened upon me—not as a romance, not as a fairy dream, not as a golden heritage of beauty and of pleasure; but as a sphere of labor and care and suffering—an existence of many efforts and few successes, of eager and great aspirations and slow and partial realizations.

Ah, life has thus far been to me severely earnest, profoundly real, and my days of romantic pleasures and ideal visions are yet to come. But enough of this.

If you have ever visited Rochester, you will remember the beautiful Genesee Falls, in the midst of the city. Well, if you now go where they are, they are not there, the water at this season being all used to turn the immense mills in the neighborhood of the once sublime cataract. I cannot reconcile myself to the changes which the spirit of improvement and the wheat speculation have made. Is it not a pity that the *price of flour* is a matter of more moment than the preservation of the picturesque,—and that cataracts and cotton-factories cannot coexist? The "Lower Falls," however, remain more as they were, unspoiled by the progress of the age. The surrounding scenery is most romantic and beautiful, and happily within a pleasant ride from the city.

The change which I remark in Rochester, wrought during the five past years, is indeed wonderful, and speaks well for the wealth, enterprise and public spirit of its citizens. The place is constantly and rapidly improving, and bids fair to become one of the most important cities of the Union.

New Brighton, Pa., Aug. 22nd.

As you will perceive, I did not finish my letter at Rochester. The constant calls upon my time while in that city, prevented my giving any portion of it to writing. There were so many dear, old places, and precious old friends to visit, that I was ever on the wing, or the *qui vive* of pleasurable excitement.

We left Rochester on a most dismal morning for the season—

"It rained and rained, and was never weary."

At Buffalo we stopped at the "Mansion House," a hotel of which the least said the better—for the proprietor. At night, we took passage for Cleveland, on the "Baltimore," a fine steamboat, with a very gentlemanly captain. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and the lake was quite rough through the entire trip. For the first time in my life, I had "a realizing sense" of the horrors of sea-sickness. At Cleveland, we spent the night at the "New England House," a model hotel in every respect. In the morning we took stage for Warren, Ohio, and from thence the packet to our village.

At home, once more. *Home*—how my heart thrills with joy and swells with thankfulness as I write that dear, that precious word. We are having a glorious family gathering this summer. We are almost all here—father, mother, seven out of nine of their sons and daughters, two daughters-in-law, and five grand-children!

Is it not beautiful, such a reunion in health and happiness, after long separation, and at this gorgeous season of the year? How should our hearts glow with gratitude and devotion toward Him who has for so many years preserved our family circle unbroken by death or dissension—that benignant Power, the wing of whose protection has sheltered us, the arm of whose strength has supported us, the atmosphere of whose love has been round about us. May the goodness and mercy which have guided and guarded us in the past, still wait upon our future pathways;—and though upon those pathways may descend the frosts of time, and blight one after another, the flowers of earthly affections—though the night of sorrow shadow it, yet may the Heaven above be ever cloudless and serene to the eye of faith, ever silvery with starlight of divine consolations.

I will not apologize for the *personal* tone of this letter. I believe your readers to be unselfish enough to feel sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others, and I will not doubt but they will enter partially at least, into my own present enjoyment. True happiness never renders one selfish, though to dwell upon it may seem egotistic. The more I quaff of that nectar of the soul, the more willingly I would turn and "put the cup to my neighbor's lip." Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Political Intelligence

GEN. TAYLOR'S OPINIONS.

As much curiosity prevails throughout the country as to Gen. Taylor's opinions upon various questions, we copy a portion of a letter recently published in the Mobile Herald, from a correspondent at East Pascagoula, where the General was visiting at the time. After giving a phrenological opinion of Gen. Taylor, and stating that he is not so large a man as we have been accustomed to believe—his legs being quite appropriate legs for his body, and not stumpy little pegs, stuck to a huge frame, as the pictures represent—the writer goes on as follows. Of course we do not hold ourselves responsible for the truth of his statements:

The old man seems to be frank and without craft. He shuns no topic, and so far as I could discover, is accustomed to utter his opinions without regard to politicians or newspaper editors. Last evening a group of some dozen or more of us was gathered round him, eagerly listening to an animated conversation, in which his naive simplicity of manner was quite charming. He ran through various topics, which he illustrated with excellent sense and varied information. Speaking of the "Free Soil" movement in the North, he expressed fears that it would be the absorbing question in the present canvass, and engross all other questions. He said that he considered the "Missouri Compromise" a fair and liberal line for settling the slave question, and he was willing to see it adopted. He did not hesitate to pronounce slavery an evil, and blighting in its effects upon the agricultural and commercial prosperity of the South. To this he attributed the decay of Virginia; and he thought it would extend to other slave States. He spoke at some length on this point, and drew many of his illustrations from ancient history. While, however, he regretted the system, he deprecated the foreign attempts to abolish slavery. He thought the agitation on the subject pernicious to both whites and blacks. The two races could not exist together, and a mixed race, such as obtains in Mexico, was the greatest evil that society could be subjected to. No plan of eradicating slavery met his approbation, unless the freed negroes could be removed from the country. He would not emancipate his own slaves, except on consideration that they were willing to go to Africa. To the Northern States he would not send them; their condition there would be worse than that of bondage. He thought that if the really philanthropic men of the North, whose efforts to abolish the system are restricting the privileges of the slave, could see its practical operation, the agitation would cease, and there would be less zeal and more wisdom exhibited in the cause. As he expressed it, they would better observe "the 'eleventh commandment,'" which prescribes that every man shall attend to his own business.

In reply to a remark made by the person whom he was conversing with, he said that most of the old party questions were obsolete. He daily received letters asking his opinion in relation to a United States Bank. To reply to them were idle, for the Bank was dead, and it was as wise to think of restoring a dead man to life as to give it a new existence. In all respects he uttered sentiments which exhibited his unlimited confidence in the will and honesty of the people.

Gen. Taylor disapproved emphatically of the spirit of conquest, and attributed the present political divisions and dissensions to a lust of conquest. On this point he exhibited much familiarity with both ancient and modern history, and frequently drew his illustrations from it. Greece, said he, lost her liberty and nationality by the spirit of conquest. He alluded to the reigns of James I., Louis XIV., Napoleon and Louis Philippe, which, as the conversation became somewhat controversial, added zest to the discussion, and left a very favorable impression of the philosophy he had gathered from the history of the past.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Moses B. Corwin is the Whig candidate for Congress in the Champaign District of Ohio, and his son, John A. Corwin, is the Democratic candidate. Whichever succeeds, it will be "all in the family."

Col. Field, Whig, was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky by one majority over Jesse Hayden, Democrat; but Col. F. has resigned, and they are both again candidates for the Legislature in the county. Field, being elected by one vote, and finding that Hayden had voted for him, resigned, because he had failed to vote for Hayden.

Hon. John P. Hale has withdrawn his name from the list of Presidential aspirants; and enrolled himself among the supporters of Van Buren and Adams.

At the election of 1844, the aggregate vote that was polled for Mr. Birney, the Anti-Slavery candidate, was 58 592.

The vote for President, in Pennsylvania, in 1844, was—

Polk,	167,535
Clay,	161,208
Birney,	3,138

Senator John M. Niles, of Connecticut, Democrat, addressed a Van Buren meeting at New Haven, on Tuesday week.

Madame Darusmont, formerly Fanny Wright, made a speech at a political meeting at Germantown, Tenn., a few days ago.

Benjamin F. Butler has been removed from his office of District Attorney in New York, and John McVean appointed in his place.

Gen. Turney, of Illinois, has declined the appointment of Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon.

Ex-Governor Thomas, of Maryland, has written a letter, in which he goes for Free Soil and the Free Soil candidates, Van Buren and Adams.

Daniel Webster delivered an address at Marshfield on the 1st instant, in which he took strong ground in favor of Gen. Taylor, and denied that the question of slavery had anything to do with his nomination. He was very severe upon the course pursued by Mr. Van Buren and the Free Soil party.

Albemarle, in North Carolina, at the recent election, gave 190 for Manly for Governor, and 1 for Reid.

The President, it is said, is coming North in a week or two, on a visit to New England.

LETTER FROM GEN. CASS.

A letter from General Cass appeared in the "True Democrat," of August 23, published at Ann Arbor, Michigan. We find it almost impossible to keep up with General Taylor; but as General Cass's letters are very scarce, we seize upon the present one with avidity. It was furnished to the "True Democrat," by Mr. Wilson, to whom it was addressed.

Washington, February 19, 1848.

My Dear Sir—Your friend Doyle will be selected as a Lieutenant, and I am glad we can give you this proof of a desire to pay respect to your recommendation.

I am pressed to death by business, or I would write you a longer letter. However, the newspapers give you a full account of our strange proceedings. We have not done much good; but they say it is darkest just before daylight, and I am inclined to think that our darkest hour has past. It seems to me that good is coming out of mischief. There is a more determined spirit to support the Administration than I have seen heretofore.

It is now distinctly understood, and will be the Democratic sentiment through the country, that everything must give way to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and that no measures must be proposed that will embarrass the Administration.

The Wilmot Proviso will not pass the Senate.—It would be death to the war—death to all hopes of getting an acre of territory—death to the Administration, and death to the Democratic party. It was not so intended. It no doubt originated with proper feelings; but things have now come to such a pass, that its adoption will produce these effects.

It is distinctly avowed by the Southern members of Congress that they would not vote for any measures for the prosecution of the war, nor would they ratify any treaty if this provision becomes a law. It will probably go back from the Senate to the House, where I hope the appropriation will pass without any proviso.

I am, with great respect, truly yours,

R. S. Wilson, Esq. LEWIS CASS.

GERRIT SMITH.

Gerrit Smith, the Presidential candidate of the "vote yourself a farm" men, and a portion of the Abolitionists, has written the following letter to the editor of the "Model Worker."

To the Editor of the Model Worker:—A fortnight ago, the newspapers were saying that I had written a letter to the Buffalo Convention, advising the nomination of Mr. Van Buren. They are now saying that I have written a letter calculated to withdraw my name from the Presidential canvass. Permit me to inform your readers that I am entirely innocent of both these indelicate and foolish things, of which the newspapers accuse me. I should be so sorry to see the Convention as would allow me to compromise with it; and as the withdrawal of my name from the Presidential canvass, that, if it be done, must be done by those who put it there. I neither put it there nor gave them my consent to put it there. Moreover, though they are but a handful, they are distinguished for their wisdom and integrity, and are, therefore, competent to determine their duty.

GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro, Aug. 26, 1848.

THE YOUNG ONES.

Two of Uncle Sam's young ones, Texas and New Mexico, seem a little disposed to kick up a rumpus. Texas says that a considerable portion of New Mexico rightly belongs to her; while New Mexico appears by no means disposed to submit to this claim, but says she is able to elect officers and make laws for the whole of her territory. Uncle Sam will have his hands full, one of these days, if his family goes on increasing at the rate it has done for some years past.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SEVEN DAYS LATER

Capture of Meagher and Others—Advance in Breadstuffs—State Trials, &c.

The following is an abstract of the news brought by the Niagara. For the tone of it the English papers are responsible.

IRELAND.

Messrs. T. F. Meagher, Leyne and O'Donoghue, Irish leaders, have been arrested.

On Sunday morning about 10 o'clock, these three leaders, while walking along the road between Clonoulty and Holycross, were met by a large party of police, who, suspecting them, demanded their names; they immediately complied, and were arrested by Inspector Madden, in the Queen's name. The police fell in one at either side of each prisoner, and they marched them to the barrack at Rathcannon, about a mile off, where they were brought before the resident magistrate.

That official asked in the course of the inquiry whether Mr. Meagher intended to surrender himself, to which he emphatically replied that he did not, and that he scorned the idea of asking for his life, and that the only condition on which he would have ever been induced to surrender himself was, that all the parties implicated in the movement should have permission to leave the country. Mr. Meagher then proceeded to write some long statements, which have not been made public.

Gen. McDonald then arrived with his staff and ordered the prisoners to be sent to Dublin. While a special train was being prepared, the prisoners were supplied with breakfast. They looked cheerful and free from anxiety.

Mr. O'Brien has been brought up for the purpose of being examined as a witness in the case of the Queen vs. John Martin. His appearance is greatly altered for the worse.

Two persons named Andrew McDaniel and Hugh McMenamin, arrived from America, have been arrested and committed to jail in Derry.

Mr. Ranson, brother to J. H. Ranson, and F. Gernon, formerly of Corkreagh, and since of Louisiana, United States, were also arrested immediately after their arrival from America. Mr. Ranson was discharged, and Mr. Gernon has been liberated on giving £400 bail; but his effects have been retained.

Mr. James Lawler, late a resident of Summerhill, coachmaker, Mr. M. Martin, a medical student, connected with the clubs, and Mr. Timothy Sexton, of Mountjoy St., have been arrested and committed to Newgate. Inspector Entwistle searched the lodgings of Mr. Lawler, at Summerhill, and in a carpet bag, under a bed, he got seventy ball cartridges, with about two pounds of powder, and a quantity of percussion caps, with two balls.

Dr. McCarron, who was arrested in Dublin on Monday, and committed to Newgate for high treason, and who is supposed to represent the body of Irish sympathisers in America, was formerly a resident of Liverpool. He is understood to be a man of remarkable ability. For some time past he has sailed as Surgeon with the Sarah Sands, the American screw steamer, and he only gave up this situation to follow his treasonable tastes on this side of the channel. The Executive have for some time had their eyes on him and his brethren in the crusade which he was conducting on behalf of the Young Ireland party in America.

The Roman Catholic clergy of Tuam have got up a memorial to the Queen on behalf of the State prisoners, praying that the prerogative of mercy should be exercised in favor of the traitors who recently took up arms against the crown.

The report published in some of the Dublin papers of an affray at Abbeyfeale, turns out to be unfounded. All was quiet there, and in the whole county of Limerick.

An active chase is kept up both by land and sea for Mr. Richard O'Gorman. He was traced to Kilrush, but what became of him afterwards no one can tell. It is said that he is in the Derry mountains, at the head of six hundred men, but other accounts assert that he escaped in an American vessel. A reward of £300 has been offered for his apprehension.

A number of arrests continue to be made in all parts of the country, and active proceedings are on foot to bring Mr. O'Brien to trial.

Tranquillity continues to prevail, although the people are far from being well disposed towards the constituted authorities.

The British Government has made several arrests of Irishmen and Chartists in England for using seditious language.

Amongst the papers found on the person of Mr. O'Brien after his arrest, was a letter purporting to be written by Mr. Duffy, and which is, as Mr. Kemmis believes, in his proper handwriting, which is of a highly treasonable character, and written but recently after Mr. O'Brien was known to be openly engaged in rebellion.

The continued prevalence of wet weather and the coldness of the atmosphere had caused much alarm in Ireland for the good prospects of the season of 1848 9.

The potato disease had made its appearance in England, Ireland and Scotland.

The Catholic Clergy of Ireland are generally using their utmost endeavors to maintain peace.

Five persons have been seized in Armagh; they had crossed over from Scotland on Monday in a steamer, and took the Ulster Railway for Armagh. The circumstances of the times, and something foreign in their air and appearance, caused them to be followed and seized the next morning in Hughes' Hotel at Armagh. They consisted of three Americans and two Frenchmen, and one journal says they had £17,000 upon them, while another says the sum found was £1,750.

Mr. Meagher has written a letter, in which he indignantly denies making any stipulations with the Government for his life.

The Liverpool papers are filled with the particulars of the arrest of the American sympathisers.

The State Trials.—Dennis Hoban, printer of the Tribune, pleaded guilty to a charge of having unlawfully printed articles, the object being to deprive her Majesty of her style, title, and dignity of Queen of the United Kingdom. Sentence was deferred.

In the case of O'Doherty, the jury, after two days' trial and a night's confinement, without food or fire, had been discharged without delivering any verdict.

The trial of McManus, the proprietor of the Felon, was not concluded until Wednesday night, when the jury found a verdict of guilty. The Court was then adjourned till the following morning, when it was expected that Mr. O'Doherty, one of the registered proprietors of the Irish Tribune, would be again put on his trial.

ENGLAND.

England is considerably agitated by Chartist movements at Manchester, Liverpool, &c. A number of Chartists have been arrested. Pistols, pikes, daggers, &c., have been found in abundance. Mobs have paraded the streets, armed with pikes and guns.

The weather continued fluctuating, and on the whole unfavorable for the harvest. This, with the apprehension felt respecting the potato blight, has caused the market to be firmer. Wheat has advanced 2d. to 3d. per 70 lbs. with but slight business; U. S. red, 6s. 2d. to 8s. 6d.; white, 8s. 6d. to 9s. Flour in tolerable demand, U. States, 1s. to 1s. 6d. per bbl. advance on last steamer's rates; U. S. sweet, 30s. to 32s. 6d. But few samples of Indian corn offered; buyers for Ireland readily paid an advance of 2s. to 2s. 6d. per quarter.—Sales at 31s. to 36s. 6d.; Indian meal, 15s. to 15s. 6d.

Cotton on the whole, has kept a uniformly steady scale; fair Uplands being at 4½d. and fair New Orleans at 4¼d.

FRANCE.

The great debate in which Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and Caussidiere are to defend themselves from the impeachment of the Committee of Inquiry, has not yet come on. Monday is supposed to be fixed. There has been some fury of excitement in the Assembly on the question whether the documents referred to by the Committee shall be printed. It is certain that the Government desire to suppress the evidence and throw overboard the question. This course is strongly advocated every day by the *National*, but General Cavaignac shrinks from the responsibility of such a proposition. The moderates are determined to support the Committee. This affair has now become the difficulty of the Government. To proceed in the trial, or to shrink from it, are courses equally surrounded with danger; the commission on the Constitution has concluded the amended draught on its report—the preamble has been but slightly modified.—General Cavaignac was invited to attend the commission, and expressed himself in a most unqualified manner in favor of the election of the President of the Republic by universal suffrage. A resolution to that effect was carried by the majority of the commission. General Lamoriciere expresses his approbation of the chapter of the army, and particularly that article which forbids service by substitute. Marrast is to submit the report to the National Assembly on Monday next at furthermost.

Abdel Kader is about to be transferred from Pau to the Chateau of Amboise, in the department of the Indroit Loire.

La Presse mentions, but without corroborating it, the rumor that General Cavaignac was about to resign on account of the insupportable fatigue his office imposed upon him.

M. Lamartine has addressed a letter to the Municipality of Macon, in which he says that he hopes soon to ask of them, as his only ambition, a little of that retirement which constitutes the repose of the mind and heart. By recent arrangements the effective force of the army has been increased, within the last three months, by 179,300 men, and consequently at this moment amounts to 500,127 men. There have been some serious disturbances at Avignon, in consequence of the success of the Legitimist candidates at the municipal elections, which took place on the 8th ultimo.

In the Committee of Foreign Affairs, on Wednesday, the Italian question was discussed. M. Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was present and M. Lamartine delivered a long speech, in which he pronounced with great energy in favor of an immediate armed intervention, as being the only means by which France could observe the solemn engagement which he had made in the name of the country, and with its evident approbation.

The French Government is adopting measures of precaution against the invasion of the cholera. It has ordered for publication all the information forwarded by the physicians sent to St. Petersburg to study the malady, and the most efficacious means of preventing or curing it.

General Cavaignac, and Mr. Bastide, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, presented themselves on Friday to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. They were first requested to explain the object of the mediation of France and England between Austria and King Charles Albert.

General Cavaignac replied that it was necessary for the interest of France and Italy that this negotiation should remain secret; he, consequently, refused to enter into any other explanation on that subject. He was then asked whether the mediation was in conformity with the wishes already expressed by the National Assembly in favor of the emancipation of Italy? He replied that the will of the Assembly would ever be the rule of his conduct. He repeated his resolution not to give any other answer, adding that the Committee might be assured that he would ever act for the interest of France, and for her honor and dignity. He was in conclusion asked, whether, in case the mediation produced no result he proposed to declare war. General Cavaignac replied that he firmly expected to be able to maintain peace in concert with Great Britain, and that he would not declare war except in the last extremity. This declaration elicited the approbation of the Committee.

Sir H. Bulwer, who arrived in Paris on the 8th, left on Friday week for Turin, charged, it is said, with a diplomatic mission, to effect an arrangement between the Austrian and Sardinian Courts, of the affairs of Northern Italy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters from Amsterdam, of a late date, have been received, in which there is expressed the universal opinion that the rupture between Germany and Denmark will be speedily adjusted.—Additional troops were arriving daily, but it was said that orders had been issued to countermand their march.

An armistice for forty-five days has been concluded between the Austrians and the Piedmontese.

The Italian journals received in Paris on Monday announce the entrance of the Austrian army, and that the Duke of Modena had returned to his States, assisted by a foreign corps.

The Bologna Gazette, of the 9th, contains important news. It appears that, on the afternoon of the 8th, the Austrian General Wilden, having levied a heavy contribution upon Bologna, and demanded hostages for the payment and for the subjection of the Bolognese, the people rose and the tocsin was sounded. A conflict ensued, which is said to have been terrible, but which finally resulted in the expulsion of the Austrians.

THE CHOLERA.

At Berlin the cholera continues to spread, but hitherto with slow progression. The number of cases has reached 27 since the first eruption on the 31st of July. It is remarked here, as elsewhere, that the disease first commences to exhibit itself amongst boatmen or persons residing close to the water. This may be accounted for by atmospheric attraction, since it appears to be admitted that air, and not contact, is the vehicle of pestilential absorption. In the mean time the population of Berlin continues to increase rapidly, the statistics of the week, from the 29th of July to the 4th of August, giving an increase of 55 births over deaths, which is at the rate of 2,900 per annum, in a population of 400,000 souls.

At St. Petersburg on the 24 ultimo, there were 92 fresh cases, 119 cures, 51 deaths, and 1,707 patients still under treatment.

The London Sun contains the following:—The Government have very wisely determined to take early precautions to prevent the cholera from spreading to our shores, in the event of any cases occurring in ships afloat. They have ordered the Benbow and Devonshire, old line-of-battle ships, to be immediately prepared as hospital ships, to receive cholera patients from merchant vessels; and another ship, the Iphgania, is also to be fitted out as a cholera hospital ship, should necessity require additional accommodation.

New Publications.

History of the Jesuits. A history of this remarkable Order, from the founding of their Society to its suppression by Pope Clement XIV.; their missions throughout the world; their educational system and literature; with their revival and present state. The author is Andrew Steinmetz. He says, in his preface, "This is a book of facts. The Jesuits themselves, Catholic historians, and Protestant writers, the most impartial, furnish the groundwork. Connected with no party whatever, my object has been to seek, and find, and boldly to express, the truth—such, at least, as it has appeared to me, after multitudinous consultations. For, intensely interested in the subject, I have spared neither pains nor expense to collect such information on the subject as would enable me to put forth a decisive work, not only on the Jesuits, but the religious movement in general, which antagonized the South with the North of Europe." Published by *Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*

Pride and Prejudice. Messrs. Wilkins, Carter & Co., of Boston, have published a new edition of this much admired fiction. It is for sale by *Henry Perkins, 142 Chesnut St.*

Holden's Dollar Magazine. The September number of this Magazine is before us. It contains a number of wood engravings, and tales, sketches, &c., from various pens.

The Orphan Niece. This book, which we announced week before last, has been issued. It is for sale by the publisher, *T. B. Peterson. Price 25 cents.*

EFFECT.

Mr. Lee, the barrister, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On the Circuit of Norwich, a brief was brought him by the relatives of a woman who had been injured by a breach of marriage promise. Lee inquired among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome?—"A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic and eloquent address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view, and painting in glowing colors, the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What then must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose and observed, "that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he had forgot to say, that she had *a wooden leg!*" This fact, of which Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion. His eloquence was thrown away; and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effects it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.

Professor Agassiz.—Professor Agassiz, and the scientific party with him have been spending some time above Sault Ste. Marie, coasting almost around Lake Superior. They have been studying the Geology and Zoology of the region, and have ascertained facts of the highest interest to the scientific world, which will in due season be made public.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, September 2, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been an increased demand for shipment this week, and the stock of superfine being nearly exhausted, prices are 25c higher. We note sales of 7,000 bbls common to good brands at $5,12½a5,37½ early in the week, and since at $5,75 for common standard brands. To-day the Niagara's advices have unsettled the market, and most holders ask $5,75 for common brands. Rye Flour is scarce, with small sales at $3,87½ per bbl. Corn Meal—Prices have been steady, with sales of 2,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,75.

GRAIN—Sales of new Southern red Wheat have further improved this week, and we note sales of 20,000 bushels inferior and damp to prime reds, at 95c to $1,12, and white at $1,15a1,12½ per bushel. Rye—Sales of Pennsylvania at 70a72c. Corn has been in good demand, and prices are 5c higher at the close—sales of some 30,000 bushels Pennsylvania and Southern yellow, at 56a58c early in the week, and to-day at 60a62c. Oats have been in moderate request at 29a31 cts for Southern, and 33a35 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Western Pork continues dull, with small sales of Mess at $11a11,50, and Prime at $9 per bbl. Beef is very scarce—the last sale of City Mess was at $12,50a13 per bbl. The stock of good Bacon is much reduced, and prices are very firm; sales of Western Hams at 7½a8½c; Sides at 5½a5¾, and Shoulders at 4½a5c. Lard is steady at 8a8½ cts, with small sales. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13 cts, and Cheese at 7½a8c per lb.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron is materially reduced, and prices are firm at $30 per ton for 1st quality No. 1.

BEESWAX—The market continues very dull. Some 1,800 lbs good Yellow sold at 20½c.

BREAD—Demand limited; we continue to quote Pilot Bread at 4a4½, Navy at 3a3½, and Crackers at 5c per lb.

CANDLES—Moderate sales of Sperm at 29a31 cts. Tallow Candles sell at 11½ cts for Mould, and 10½ for Dipped.

COAL—The demand continues limited, and but little Anthracite is going forward at this time. Prices have not varied. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 9a10½ cts per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has continued quiet this week, and about 3,000 bags Rio and Laguayra sold on the wharf on private terms, and from store about 1,100 bags at 6½a6¾c. 4 mos.

The imports this season have been as follows:

	Aug.	Previously.	Total.
From Rio de Janeiro, bags,	2,739	31,812	34,552
Puerto Cabello,	4,300	24,000	28,361
St. Domingo,	3,152	5,452	8,604
Maracaibo,		5,979	5,979
Elsewhere,	2	169	171
	10,253	70,813	77,667

COTTON—The market has been very quiet this week, and the transactions only sum up 725 bales, including Upland, N. Orleans and Tennessee, at prices within our range:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Ala.
Middling,	6 a 6½	6 a 6¼
Middling Fair,	6½ a 6¾	6½ a 7¼
Fair,	7¼ a 7½	7½ a 7¾

The imports this season, to 31st ult., have been as follows:

	In Aug.	Previously.	Total.
From Charleston, bales,	866	9,917	10,583
Savannah,	577	3,955	4,132
Mobile,	46	1,013	1,059
New Orleans,	58	14,508	14,566
Florida,		948	945
North Carolina,		291	291
Elsewhere,		250	250
Total,	1,737	29,881	31,806

DOMESTIC GOODS—The market is tolerably active, and a fair amount of business is going forward, at the previous low rates.

FEATHERS—The demand continues to a fair extent, with sales of 10,000 lbs good Western at 33a36c per lb.

FISH—Supplies of the new catch come forward slowly, and, the demand being on the increase, prices are pretty firm. Sales of new No. 1 at $10,75a11,25; No. 2 at $8,75a9,25, and No. 3 at $3,75a4per bbl.

The imports during the month of August amounted

to	10,332 bbls
Previously this year,	79,002 "
Total,	89,334 "

GINSENG—Further sales of 1,200 lbs Crude at 35c per lb.

GUANO—Steady sales at $40a40 per ton.

HEMP—The market is nearly bare of American, and prices tend upward.

HIDES—No sales this week.

IRON—There has been an increased demand for Pig Metal since our last weekly review, and 5a600 tons sold at $22,50a25 for Anthracite, and $30a36 for Charcoal Iron. In other descriptions not much doing.

LATHS—Cargo sales of 500,000 Eastern at $1,15a1,25 per M.

LEAD—About 1,000 pigs sold at 4½c, cash.

The import in Aug. was	2,259 pigs
Previously this year,	54,110
Total,	56,369

LUMBER—The demand is to a fair extent, without change in prices. The supplies from the Lehigh region, for the week ending 26th ult. were Feet

	831,617
Previously this season,	18,888,675
Total,	19,720,292

MOLASSES—The market remains quiet. A cargo of 250 hhds, tierces and bbls Trinidad sold on private terms, and an invoice of 50 hhds Cienfuegos at 24½c, 4 mos.

The imports this season has been as follows:

	Hhds.	Trs.	Bbls.
In August,	458	17	84
Previously this year,	13,337	1,018	9,519
New Orleans,	191		9 233
Total,	13,986	1,035	18,886

NAVAL STORES—The market has been very quiet for Rosin, Tar and Pitch. For Spirits of Turpentine there has been a good demand, and prices have advanced—sales to some extent at 35, 37a40c.

The imports this season have been—

	Aug.	Previously.	Total.
Soft Turpentine, bbls.		300	300
Rosin,	3,668	18,258	21,926
Tar,	985	1,497	2,482
Pitch,	469	1,225	1,694
Spirits Turpentine,	1,235	11,126	12,361

OILS—The demand for Linseed is quite limited, at 60a61c. Further sales of Whale to some extent at 33 a35c. Sperm sells slowly at former prices.

PLASTER—Further cargo sales at $2,37½a2,50 per ton—closing firm at the highest price.

RICE—The stock is greatly reduced—sales of 300 casks at 3¼a4¼c.

SPIRITS—French Brandy sells in small lots at $1,70 a1,90 for Bordeaux; $1,40a1,60 for Rochelle, and $2,50 for old Cognac. Holland Gin is steady at $1,60, with small sales. New England Rum is dull at 29a30 cts. Whiskey has been in limited request, and prices are barely supported. Sales in hhds at 24a24½, and in bbls at 24a25 cts.

SEEDS—Good Cloverseed is scarce, and prices steady at $3,75a4 per bushel, with small sales. Flaxseed is dull at $1,30 per bushel.

SUGARS—The supplies of Cuba have again been large, but the demand has continued to a very moderate extent, and only about 800 hhds have changed hands at 3½a4½; about 200 Porto Rico at 4¼a5, and about 1,000 boxes Havana and Matanzas at 4¼a5½ for brown and yellow, and 7a7½c for white, all 4 mos.

TOBACCO—The market is dull and only a few hhds Kentucky have changed hands this week at previous rates.

TALLOW—Good Rendered is dull at 7¼a7½c per lb.

TEAS—A limited business is going forward at previous prices. Two public sales have taken place in New York this week.

WOOL—The demand is still limited, and prices are unchanged.—*Bick. Reporter.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 4.—The offerings of Beef Cattle were about 1,500 head. Sales were made at from $6 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. The number of Hogs in the market was about 600. They sold at prices ranging from $5 to 5,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 head offered at the following rates—$25 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

New York, Sept. 4.—At market, 1,600 Beef Cattle, (600 Southern, the remainder from the West and South, via Philadelphia.) 60 Cows and Calves, and 4,600 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle fully maintained the prices quoted in my last report. Sales to a fair extent at 5 to 7c per lb, as in quality. A lot of 40 head were purchased for shipment to Bermuda. About 200 head left over. Cows and Calves—The number at market last week was unusually small and prices on the whole were hardly supported. I quote sales at from $18, 28 to $35. All sold. Sheep and Lambs continue to come in freely and the supply now on hand more than equals the demand. Sales of Sheep at from $1, 2,25a4,25. Lambs 75c, $1,50 to 2,75. 500 unsold.

Baltimore, Sept. 1.—Beef Cattle—There were a large number of Cattle offered at the scales on Monday, amounting to 1,100 head, of which number 670 were sold to our city butchers at $2,37½a2,87½, equal to $4,75a5,75 nett, averaging $2,624 gross weight.—The balance were sent on to Philadelphia. Small sales have since been made at an average of $2,50 per 100 lbs. gross weight. Hogs—Not much doing; we quote at $4,50 to 5 37 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 2.

Ashes—Sales of 200 barrels Canadian Pearls were made on private terms, and 50 American at $5,37½. Receipts down the Hudson river—Ashes, bbls, 116.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The sales reached about 5,000 bbls. in lots, among which were 2 to 3,000, consisting of Oswego, common Genesee, &c., at $5, with some lots of Ohio round hoop at $5,75a5,87½. Some lots, also pure Genesee brought $6,06a6,12½. There was no change in fancier or extras. Southern, Petersburg, &c., was quiet at $6; and Georgetown, &c., at $5,94a6. Meal—Sales of 200 bbls Brandywine were made at $3,50; and about 1,000 New Jersey at $3 37½. Rye—Sales of 10,000 bushels this month, at or the 10th inst., at 72c; and 1,000 do for immediate delivery, sold at 72c. Some holders asked 74a75 cts. Rye Flour—Sales of 200 bbls were made at $3,75.

Oats—Canal steady, with sales at 33a34c (5,000 bushels). Corn—The sales reached about 75,000 bushels on the spot, and to arrive in various separate lots; among which were 13,000 bushels white, to arrive, at 67 cts; 10,000 do, round yellow, to arrive, on terms not understood. Among the lots sold, for immediate delivery, were 3,000 bushels round Northern yellow, at 71a72c; 5,500 do, at 72c; 5,000 do, mixed, at 70a70c; 2,000 do, flat yellow, at 69a70c; 2,500 do, on terms not understood; 1,000 do, white, at 66c; 5,000 do, mixed, at 65 cts; with some other lots within the range of the above quotations. Wheat—Sales of 6,000 bushels handsome, new Genesee were made at 134c; 2,000 do, white Baltimore, at 124c, 1,000 do, North Carolina, sold at 118c; and 3,500 fair Genesee, at 130 a131c.

Provisions—Sales of Pork reached about 1,000 bbls, including Mess at $11,44a11,50, and Prime at $9. Lard—Sales of about 1,000 bbls were made at 8½a8½c. Small lots pickled Hams were sold at 8½c. Beef—Sales of 200 bbls Mess made on private terms. There was no change in Butter. Cheese is good order was worth about 6a6½a7c, according to quality. Receipts from the Hudson river 175 bbls Pork.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says—"The Tobacco market has been very dull throughout the week, owing principally to the unfavorable war news brought from Europe by the Britannia, and which has not been removed by the news brought by the Niagara. There is no change in prices, and the receipts are on the increase. We continue the old prices, viz:—Maryland, $1,50a3 for inferior and common; $3a3,75 for good common; $5a8 for good; $8a13 for fine and better qualities; common (Ohio $3a3,50; good $4,50a6; fine red and wrappery $6,50a9; fine yellow $8a11; and extra wrappery $10a13. The inspections of the week were 1,697 hhds., including 1,203 Maryland, 493 Ohio and 3 Virginia."

What to Do with the Irish Fund.—One of the New York papers recommends that the large amount of money collected to aid the Irish cause, and not yet remitted, be appropriated to an Irish Emigrant Fund, to pay the passage out of poor families, and of buying a tract of land for farms for them.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

THE CHESTER COUNTY BANK ROBBERY.

There have been, recently, says the *Daily News*, some most singular developments made in relation to the Chester County Bank Robbery, and two or three additional arrests have been the consequence, while others, well known to the community, are implicated. We are not as yet at liberty to note the facts which have come to our knowledge; but it will be sufficient to know that there is now a probability that the perpetrators of the robbery will be secured. Robert H. Lackey *alias* Harper, who was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affair, has implicated several others, some of whom have fled; and the matter will now be probed to the bottom.

In addition to this, we learn from the *North American*, that "Edward M'Gowan was held to bail in $6,000, by R. M. Lee, Recorder, on Saturday, on a charge implicating him in the robbery of the Chester County Bank."

We learn farther, that there is a great probability that a large portion of the money stolen—over $60,000—will be recovered. Lackey, it appears, has turned State's evidence; and we are informed that as soon as Dr. Darlington—President of the Chester County Bank, from whom the valise, containing the money was stolen—was confronted with Lackey, he instantly identified him as the person who took his seat by him in the car a few moments before the robbery was committed, and who disappeared with the valise. The car agent, also, we learn, recognised him at once. Thus, by a curious chain of circumstances, has this singular robbery been at last ferreted out.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO FRUIT GROWERS.

A Convention of Fruit Growers is to be held at Judson's Hotel, in New York, commencing on the 10th of October. The objects of the meeting are to compare fruits from various sources and localities, with a view of arriving at correct conclusions as to their merits, to settle doubtful points respecting them, and to assist in determining the synonymes by which the same fruit is known in different parts of the country, and generally to elicit and disseminate pomological information, and to maintain a cordial spirit of intercourse among horticulturists. Persons attending the Convention are requested to bring with them, carefully labelled, specimens of all fruits grown in their vicinity that may be worthy of notice, and if possible a small branch of leaves of each variety.

Agricultural and Horticultural Societies are invited to send delegates and transmit at an early day a list of their delegates to T. B. Wakeman, Secretary of the American Institute, New York.

CAUTION TO FARMERS.

A farmer named Hibberd, residing in the neighborhood of Darby, met with his death recently in this city, in a truly melancholy manner. While at his hotel, he heard the struggling of a horse in the stable, and proceeded to see what was the cause of it. He found the horse choking with the halter around his neck, and in his efforts to relieve the animal, he was thrown down and trampled upon from head to feet, causing his death in twenty or thirty minutes afterwards. The horse belonged to another person. The deceased was sixty years of age.

MR. CALHOUN AND THE BIBLE.—Mr. Calhoun's recent assertion that man is neither *born nor created*, has induced a writer in one of the newspapers to fortify the very common opinion that he is born, with the following texts of Scripture, which show that if Jefferson was wrong when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, he, at least, had respectable authority for his error. For example, the good book says:

"Yet man is *born* unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards."—Job, v. 7.

"Though man be *born* like a wild ass' colt."—Job, xi. 12th.

"Man that is *born* of woman is few of days and full of trouble."—Job, xiv. 1.

"Art thou the first man that was *born*? Or wast thou made before the hills?"—Job, xv. 7.

"They joy, that *man is born* into the world."—John, xvi. 21.

"Have we not *all* one Father? Hath not one God *created* us?"—Malachi, ii. 10.

"Remember thy *Creator* in the days of thy youth."—Eccl., xii. 1.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 168—adults 63, and children 105.

Items of News.

HIGHLY HONORABLE.—The New Orleans Bulletin records a fact which is indeed most worthy of record, and one which that paper received from a Mexican gentleman of great intelligence and liberality, that there does not exist in the whole of Mexico, at this time, a single unpaid debt contracted by any of the officers of our regular army. We doubt very much, if the same upright conduct has ever before marked the career of a victorious army in a campaign of over two years in an enemy's country.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.—Several years ago Mr. Ellet, the successful engineer of the Niagara Suspension Bridge, proposed to the citizens of St. Louis, to construct a similar bridge, across the Mississippi River, at that place. The possibility of achieving such an undertaking was then doubted, and the matter was dropped; but now that the Niagara Bridge has been completed, attention is seriously directed to Mr. Ellet's proposition by the people of St. Louis.

THE MURDERER OF MR. SCHOOLCRAFT.—Letters, says the Cleveland Times, received from Sault St. Marie, state that disclosures have been recently made at Fort Brady, indicating that the assassination of the late J. L. Schoolcraft, near that Fort, on the 6th of July, 1846, was, directly or indirectly, the act of Lieut. Tilden, the officer who was subsequently convicted of robbery and murder in the city of Mexico, and sentenced to be hanged.

NEW WILL CASE.—A curious law question, it is said, will rise out of the events of June in Paris. A National Guard, before repairing to the barricades, had made his will, which he carried with him in his pocket. He was killed by a ball, which passed through the will, and carried away with it the figures affixed to many of the bequests made by the testator. The question which will have to be decided is, how are the gaps thus caused to be filled up?

FRAUDS IN TEA.—Professor Reid, of the N. Y. College of Pharmacy, has recently discovered a new fraud that is practiced to a considerable extent by the dealers in tea. Some kind of leaves are taken, and, by the aid of coloring matter, manufactured into a substance resembling tea leaves. When this fictitious article is put into water and allowed to stand for some time, the coloring matter is found precipitated at the bottom of the vessel.

NEW INVENTION.—A lieutenant in the British Navy has invented a "peril indicator," to show when steamers or other ships are running into shoal water. The apparatus consists of two bars, which project ten feet below the keel of the vessel, and, as soon as these bars touch the ground, they spring up on a level with the keel, and ring a bell, which warns the engineer that he must reverse the engines, and drive the ship astern.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—During the thunder storm on Thursday week, we understand that Christopher Dunn, of Belgrade, was killed by lightning. He was walking in a room where a gun and bayonet were hanging horizontally against the wall, and at the moment when his shoulder was near the bayonet, the electric fluid passed from the point of the bayonet to his body, killing him.—*Kennebec Journal.*

RELIGIOUS REFUGEES.—There arrived at New Haven, Conn., on Wednesday week, in the schr. Gold Hunter, from Porto Rico, twenty-three passengers, Portuguese, who were forced to leave the island of Madeira, some two years since, in consequence of their religion being obnoxious to the laws of that country. It is stated they are of the Presbyterian denomination.—*Boston Bee.*

THE HABANEROS.—Although it is as hot as fire, (says a late letter from Havana,) the Habaneros dress with cloth coats, thick cravats and stocks. They beat the Africans in standing the heat. They attend the balls, theatres and concerts every night, and feel comfortable where a Cape Cod Yankee would be melted by the heat. Several theatres have been open the whole summer.

OUTRAGES ON THE MEXICANS.—Several outrages have been committed on the Mexicans, it is said, by a party of Texans, headed by men of some standing in society, and from whom better conduct was expected. Several towns are said to have been made to pay arbitrary and wholly unjustifiable contributions, and life has been mercilessly taken in enforcing such contributions.

SUCCESSFUL.—The Trustees of Hampden Sidney College, Va., announce that the experiment of raising a permanent fund of $60,000 by means of subscriptions of $100 each, entitling the subscriber to educate his own sons, or else any other young man, with the privilege of appointing his successor for twenty years, has been entirely successful.

A NOBLE REPLY.—A public functionary in Paris who recently visited the hospitals, asked of the surgeon in attendance, "Doctor, how many insurgents have you here?" "I have only *wounded men*," was the answer.

THE SHIVE O'BRIEN CLUB, OF NEW YORK.—This Club, it is stated, has broken up. The Treasurer returned the money collected to the donors, and then by a unanimous vote the Club decreed its own dissolution.

THE POTATO DISEASE.—The following directions, derived from practical experience, are well deserving of attention: 1. Let all early potatoes that are ripe be immediately taken up. 2. Examine the stalks of all others every day. 3. Whenever you find any stalk diseased, put your feet one on each side of it and pull it up, leaving the potatoes in the ground—do not cut the stalk off, but pull it up by the roots. 4. Then tread down and harden the ground over the potatoes, and trench it up. 5. Burn the diseased stalks; do not, on any account, leave them on the ground. 6. All the late potatoes should remain in the ground and be dug up only as wanted, for when the disease has once made its appearance, exposure to the air is found to increase it.

PROMOTIONS.—The National Intelligencer contains an immense list of Army promotions for gallant meritorious services in Mexico. All the Brigadier Generals are made Major Generals by Brevet; Colonels Riley, Harney, Garland, Clarke, Morgan, Childs, Andrews, Trousdale, Churchill, Whiting, Belknap, Bankhead and Totten, are made Brigadier Generals by Brevet; and officers are very generally advanced one or more steps, according to the opportunities they had to distinguish themselves.

TALLY HO!—A great deer chase is to come off at Esculapia Springs, Kentucky. One hundred horsemen and one hundred hounds were to unite in the chase, and as deer are exceedingly plentiful, there will be rare sport. Mine host of the Springs, who has got up this deer chase, has a bear fight every Thursday. We thus see the march of refinement in different sections of the Union. At Saratoga it is a grand fancy dress ball. In Kentucky it is a deer chase and a bear fight.

A CORPORATION SUBMERGED.—The officers of an Insurance Company in Boston recently descended some ninety feet in the Bay in a newly contrived diving bell. They remained three-quarters of an hour, during which they could see all the objects upon the wreck, the main chains, bulwarks, &c. It was remarked that they could see more distinctly at the bottom than at points higher up. The experiments with the bell were highly satisfactory to the company present.

SUIT FOR MARRYING A MINOR.—The Rev. Mr. Robinson, of the East Common Methodist Church, Allegheny, Pa., has been sued by a parent for marrying a daughter only fifteen years of age, without the consent of the parents. The suit is commenced under an old law, which inflicts a penalty of fifty pounds.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Accounts from Newfoundland state that the coming crop promises to be abundant enough to relieve the people not only from the state of semi starvation to which they have been reduced, but also to amply provide for the future.

Clippings.

☞ Poetry forms its professors to no definite human character. Like horses trained to play tricks, they can put themselves in all sorts of strange and surprising postures; but they are generally useless on the road.

☞ If the cat had wings, no bird would be left in the air. If every one had what he is wishing, who would have anything?

☞ Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy? Because his is all *net* profit.

☞ The art of advertising is the same to a tradesman as the art of dressing is to beauty. The great secret with both is to expose enough to excite curiosity, and to conceal enough to leave curiosity ungratified.

☞ An old gentleman accused his servant, among other thefts, of having stolen his stick. The servant protested perfect innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined the complainant, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not," said the Attorney for the defence, "unless it was a *walking stick*."

☞ The Lexington, Ky., Reporter, boasts of a water-melon, the growth of that neighborhood, which weighed 40¼ lbs.

☞ Hard political stories are now called "Roorbacks" and "Millerisms," and political meetings of a bolting character, are termed "Fizzles," "Snizzles" and "Snoozles." All this is very dignified and interesting.

☞ In four years the ragged schools in London and its suburbs, have increased from twenty to more than sixty. About eighty paid teachers are now employed, and about eight hundred voluntary teachers. The average attendance of scholars for the past year was 5,800 on Sundays, 3,600 on week days, and 3,500 on week evenings.

☞ The abolition of the punishment of death, has been voted by the National Assembly of Frankfort, by a majority of 288 to 146.

☞ An exchange says that if G. W. Dixon had not been shamefully belated in his Yucatan expedition, he might have been *running for President*. The New York Star replies, that if he had *not* been belated in that expedition, he would probably have been running for—his life.

☞ Longfellow's Evangeline has been honored by a republication in England, of two rival editions by two prominent London publishing houses.

☞ The Mormon Temple, at Nauvoo, has been purchased by Mr. Isaac Prower, for the purpose of converting it into a Protestant College.

☞ The ship Cygnet, which cleared at New Orleans on the 15th ult., for Canton, took out 1,490 bales of cotton.

☞ There are now eighty divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Georgia. Last October there were but seventeen. Several thousand new members have been added to the organization in that State.

☞ The Paris National states, that M. Morgan (we presume that Mr. O'Gorman is meant,) one of the leaders in the insurrectional movement of Ireland, has succeeded in escaping to France, and has landed at Havre.

☞ Champagne wine is at a discount in France. No orders have been received from Germany, and at Epernay and Rheims, millions of bottles lie unsold. It may be had for a mere song.

☞ A shark nearly took the leg off a boy who was swimming in the river at Baltimore on Thursday week.

☞ Wisconsin extends from Lake Michigan to the Lake of the Woods, a distance of one thousand miles. Dividing the whole territory into two equal parts, each part would be as large as the great State of New York.

☞ A splendid plough has been presented by some agriculturists, to Hon. J. W. Farrally, member of Congress from Crawford, for his defeat of the attempt to have Wood's plough again patented; Wood being dead some twenty years, and speculators having the matter in their own hands.

☞ The new Republic of Liberia is receiving the warmest sympathies of our benevolent citizens. A gentleman of Cincinnati has given two thousand dollars to purchase territory outside of the present limits of Liberia. He proposes to give this territory to colored people from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to form a State of the Liberia confederacy. A wealthy citizen of Mississippi is said to have promised one hundred thousand dollars to establish a college in Liberia.

> I've heard nine Tailors make a man,
> And, if report's no railer,
> I've also heard, deny who can,
> Nine *dandies* make a *Tailor.*

☞ The Wheeling Times says that the windows of the new cathedral in that place are being finished with very beautiful stained glass made at Cincinnati.

☞ "How," said Mr. Munsel to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have.—When I have any particular thing to do, I go and do it."

☞ Gin drinking was brought into fashion by William III., at St. James' Palace, where his orange majesty sat drinking Schiedam till all was blue.

☞ "Ephraim," said Simon, "what does a young fellow look like, when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower?" "Why," replied Ephraim, looking at his boots, "he has very much the appearance of a *rain beau.*"

☞ During the last eighteen years, the streets of London have increased two hundred miles in length, nearly a mile a month.

☞ An infallible test of perfectly pure water, is boiling an ounce of water with a few drops of solution of chlorate of gold. If there is the slightest organic matter, the water will turn brown or violet.

TRUTH ON TOMBSTONES.—The best and truest epitaph we ever saw was that of a clown. It simply said, "*Here I am!*"

☞ The house that O'Connell built (Conciliation Hall, Dublin,) is to let. It cost £5,000—it holds five thousand people, and it has been kept open now for five years.

☞ An old mourning ring, with some initials, and the date, 1594, on the inside, has the following inscription: "*Ons quyet, both happy.*"

☞ An Illinois editor, speaking of a bankrupt in that State, says he broke every bank and Sabbath day that has been in that State for the last five years.

☞ If thirty and a quarter square yards make a *perch*, how many will make a *whole?* If forty perches make one *rood*, how many will make one *polite?*

☞ We understand that Clarendon sent a messenger to Lord John to ask what to do in the present state of affairs, alluding, at the same time, to the Habeas Corpus Act. The premier, replied, testily, "Hang the Habeas Corpus Act!" Lord Clarendon accordingly *suspended* it.—*Punch.*

☞ "We certainly think Doctor Brandreth should be elected to the Legislature of New York, for he is undoubtedly one of the greatest PILLars of that State."

☞ A friend of ours, who is noted for his want of punctuality, has absolutely refused a very lucrative office under the Government, feeling certain that he could not possibly *keep an appointment.*

☞ Kendall says that "the spelling-book is a better arm of national defence than the musket." It would not be a bad idea, if two opposing armies were to pause in their mad career, and try lessons of orthography with one other.

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

Vera Cruz dates have been received to the 17th ultimo:

News from the interior announces the gradual subsidence of the elements of disorder, which were called into such active operation during the late hostilities, into the wholesome regularity of peace and tranquillity. The public bodies are introducing ameliorations everywhere, under the industrious administration of Herrera. Lately a plan of prison discipline was submitted to the Chamber of Deputies, by the Minister of the Interior, in which a lively desire is expressed to imitate the Penitentiary system in our own country. It forms a very remarkable feature in the new order of things which now reigns in Mexico, evincing very plainly that there is some recuperative power, or wish for recuperative power, in the character of the people.

The *Monitor Republicano* announces that an official notice was lately published in the Guatemala Gazette, giving an account of a triumph achieved over the Indian insurrectionists in Guvia. The same periodical, in speaking of the late events in Chiapas, states that more is to be feared from the collision of parties in that State than in the war of castes.

Intelligence has reached the Capital of the final evacuation of the city of Chihuahua by the American troops. It took place on the 18th ult.

The *Echo del Comercio* of the 10th, reminds the people that on the day preceding, just one twelve-month ago, the American forces took up a position in front of the city; when so much enthusiasm was exhibited by the National Guard and the citizens in general, to hasten to its defence. All was, however, useless, and the hopes of victory were buried in ruinous defeat. That journal significantly remarks that the recollection should not fade from their minds; it deems it a duty to freshen their memory, as a useful lesson.

PAREDES.—Information has reached the Government that Paredes has taken refuge among the Indians in Sierra Gorda. He is denounced by the *Monitor* as now trying to raise up a war of castes.

We find in the Arco Iris, of the 9th ultimo, an account of the proceedings of a meeting of American merchants, residing in that city, of which Mr. J. Morell was President, and Mr. W. D. Lee, Secretary, wherein resolutions were passed, expressive of their sense of the courtesy exhibited to them by the authorities, since the evacuation.—They declare that they will respect the law and authorities of the country, and be ready to aid the latter in suppressing any turbulence which might hereafter threaten public order. A copy of the resolutions was presented to the Prefect, who made a very friendly response, assuring the American merchants that they were safe in person and property, under the Mexican laws, and professing every desire to cultivate the most amicable relations with them and their countrymen.

The greatest desire is felt and expressed by the Mexican Government, and the prominent members of all parties, for the encouragement of immigration. The Governors of States are exhorted by the Executive to give every facility to foreigners coming into the country; the latter are to be invested with the rights and immunities of citizenship on announcing their intention to make the country the home of their adoption. The authorities of the different States are requested to communicate to the Government the names, occupations, &c., of strangers, immediately after their arrival.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHOLERA.

A correspondent of the Ledger extracts from a recent German publication, the following remarks relative to the Cholera:

The Cholera appeared for the first time in India, in 1829. Thence, it advanced through the Gulf of Persia, between the Caspian and the Black Sea to Russia, and thence proceeded to a regular tour all over Europe, disappearing at last, in 1837, on the high plateau of Munich. What course it will take this time, we know not, but it is a singular coincidence that it has reached Moscow, on precisely the same day as in 1830, and that the winter at first checked its progress. Bengal is the country where the Cholera is an endemic disease, that is, where it is found the whole year round, though rarely of a very malignant character. It was there, where, in 1845, at the time of the spring equinox, it suddenly spread with great rapidity, and assumed a most mortal feature. In that year, the *fete* of Batoni, at which, on ordinary occasions, thousands of pilgrims are present, was wholly deserted. The dead and the sick covered the fields, and were surrounded by hawks and wild hogs. In the summer of 1846, the Cholera made its appearance in Affghanistan, in the countries of Sind and Aden, at the entrance of the Gulf of Persia, in Arabia, Iran, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Asia Minor, and in several places of central India, nay, even on the Island of Ceylon, in a much more Southern latitude. Its malignant character prevailed throughout. Thus, in Curachi, in the country of Sind, it destroyed one-half of the 25,000 inhabitants; in Bagdad, 7,000 people fell a sacrifice to that plague, and a caravan of pilgrims, from Bochora, Herat and Persia, to Mecca, was wholly destroyed.

After these terrible tidings no further news of the Cholera reached Europe; when in May, 1847, it suddenly appeared again at Tiflis, though in a much milder form, spreading over the whole of European Russia to Moscow. As in 1829 and 1830 it reached Europe at two points at the same time, viz: on the western frontier of the government of Orenburg and the western coast of the Caspian Sea, taking the direction of the river Wolga, and always following however the direction of N. N. West, but occasionally jumping sideways and even backwards.

The progress of the epidemic was very slow, but it followed, as on its first appearance, the course of rivers, and was most fatal on their margin in the bottom lands. The elevated points in Europe and India were either entirely spared, or but little infested. The following governments of Russia have been visited by Cholera according to official accounts up to the 4th of February, 1848: Astrachan, Saratow, Jecaterinoslaw, Tauria, Charcow, Woronesh, Kursh, Pensa, Country of the Cossacks on the Don, Pultawa, Orel, Tula, Simbirsk, Casau, Nishnij Novgorod, Country of the Tchernomoric Cossacks, Tamboro, Resau, Orenburg, Kiero Tchernigow, Moscow, Wetka, Cherson, Podolia, Caluga, Twer, Minsk, Mohilew, Eastern Coast of the Black Sea, Smolensk, Wladimir, Wolonda, Sorolaw, Witebsk.

Since then it has reached Petersburg, and precisely in the same time as heretofore, Berlin and Vienna. Comparing this statement with the Cholera Map drawn in 1837, by Schnuer, we find its march precisely the same as on its first appearance in Europe; but the character of the present disease is much more malignant than it was then, though the number of victims that are attacked by it is less considerable. It preys particularly on the poorer classes, and selects on its second appearance those who have escaped from it by leaving the place of their residence and returning thither too soon.

The miasmatic and contagious character of the disease have both been proved; but being spread by atmospheric influences, the hope of checking its progress by quarantines, is entirely futile. The only means of diminishing the number of its victims, consists in cleanliness and proper diet, especially in healthy food for the poorer classes.

The idea of discovering a specific remedy, be homœopathic, alopathic or hydropathic, is given up by all European physicians of note, and abandoned solely to the quacks. Neither the plague nor the yellow fever, nor any other contagious disease is cured by a specific, the disease assuming at all times and in almost every patient a specific character, according to his habit and temperament.

There can be little doubt but that the Cholera will reach the United States, though it will probably not before the next Summer, and its ravages will extend principally to the Southern and South-western States.

COMPLAINTS OF THE WORLD.

"*All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust.* I never knew a man of merit neglected. It was generally by his own fault that he failed of success. A man may hide his head in a hole; he may go into the country, and publish a book now and then, which nobody reads, and then complain he is neglected. There is no reason why any person should exert himself for a man who has written a good book—he has not written it for any individual. I may as well make a present to the postman who brings me a letter. When patronage was limited, an author expected to find a Mecænas, and complained if he did not find one. Why should he complain? This Mecænas has others as good as he, or others who have got the start of him."

* * * * * * * *

"Poor Boswell, probably to avert the torrent, suggested something about the bar, and asked for an allowance that there were men of merit *there* who never got practice. The Doctor made another speech, pithy and severe. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are sure that practice at the bar is got from an opinion that the person employed deserves it best; so that if a man of merit at the bar does not get practice, it is from error, not from injustice. He is not neglected. A horse that is brought to market may not be bought, though he is a very good horse; but that is from ignorance, not from inattention.'"—*Biography of Dr. Johnson.*

ARTIFICIAL BARRIERS TO SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

We are of opinion that much agreeable and profitable social intercourse is prevented by a want of moral courage in adopting a simple style of entertaining one's friends and acquaintances. Let us look around, and what do we find to be the general state of intercourse between friends and acquaintances in the middle and upper classes of a commercial community? On the one hand, we see an entire abstinence from all social intercourse (except, perhaps, with immediate connexions), arising from economical motives, founded on the impossibility of complying with the supposed requirements of society in this matter. On the other, we find individuals giving, once or twice a year perhaps, an expensive and formal dinner party, or a stiff evening entertainment, at neither of which does any one feel himself at ease; where one is in the midst of a most heterogeneous company, gathered together without any earthly reference to fitness or congeniality, and from which one at last escapes, thankful to find himself again at his own quiet fireside—inwardly vowing that nothing shall ever again tempt him to exchange its genial precincts for any such vain and profitless visiting. During the winter, Mr. and Mrs. A——— have been invited to dinner by Mr. and Mrs. B———, or the young people have had "the pleasure of their company requested," &c., by the C———s. The A———s consequently feel it incumbent on them to clear off the debt supposed to be owing to the said B———s and C———s, by inviting them in return; and in order to have a general clearing off of scores, they bethink themselves of all and sundry from whom they have received civilities during the past six or twelve months, and without any consideration whatever to the harmony of the ingredient members of the company, a great crowd of persons, for the most part utterly unknown to each other, are uncomfortably packed together, the house is turned topsy-turvy for a few days, a great deal of money is foolishly squandered, no comfort or satisfaction has resulted to anybody, and when the affair is over, the givers of the entertainment generally congratulate themselves that a year at least must elapse before they have again to undergo similar trouble and expense. For months after this event, the A———s would as soon think of flying as of asking any of the B———s, C———s, or D———s to drop in upon them in a quiet way to spend an evening. With such persons there is no medium between a formal tiresome party and an entire abstinence from all visiting whatever.

The fact is, the true secret of genial and improving social intercourse—of anything at all approaching even to the name—is but little understood, and still less acted upon. The very words "visiting" or "meetings of friends" suggest to most minds the idea of expense, domestic inconvenience, anxiety and trouble. Why should this be so? All kinds of social intercourse ought to be associated with the most pleasing ideas. They ought to be easily attainable, and readily arranged, and should entail little or no disarrangement of the usual domestic routine. When will a few rich persons encourage their less wealthy brethren by systematically adopting in their entertainments a severe and almost Spartan simplicity? Such a simplicity would do them infinite honor, by tending to emancipate those less favored by the gifts of fortune from the supposed necessity of needless profusion and uncalled for expense. If such examples were to become prevalent, the consequence would be, that the apparent inequalities between rich and poor would be much softened down—there would be an absence of that painful, but irrational feeling, which constantly haunts many otherwise amiable persons, lest their mode of entertaining those whose incomes are ten or twenty times larger than their own may not be quite *comme il faut*—we should have less thought taken about mere eating and drinking, and more about matters of higher import.—*From the Companion, a series of pleasant rational Essays in the Manchester Examiner.*

ANTS AS FOOD.

White ants, or termites, are eaten by various African tribes, both raw and boiled; and it is said the Hottentots "get into good condition on this diet." In India, the natives capture great quantities of these insects, which they mix up with flour, producing a kind of pastry which is purchased at a cheap rate by the poorer people. Some of the Africans prepare large quantities of them for food, by parching them in kettles over a slow fire. In this condition they are eaten by handfuls as delicious food. The traveller, Smeathman, states that he often ate them dressed in this way, and found them to be "delicate, nourishing and wholesome, resembling in flavor sugared cream, or sweet-almond paste." In Brazil, the abdomens of yellow ants are eaten by many persons. Humboldt states that in some of the South American countries, ants are mixed with resin, and eaten as a sauce. In Siam ants' eggs are considered a luxury; they are sent to table curried, or rolled in green leaves, mingled with fine slices or shreds of fat pork. In Sweden, ants are distilled along with rye, to give a flavor to the inferior kinds of brandy. Chemists have ascertained that ants secrete a pleasant kind of vinegar, or a peculiar acid called formic acid. We derive these facts from an article on "Useful Insects and their Products," in the Scottish Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

YANKEE BROWN BREAD.

Two quarts of Indian meal.
Two quarts of rye meal.
Three pints of milk or water.
Two teaspoonfuls of salt.
Half a pint of strong fresh yeast.

Having sifted the rye and Indian meal into a large pan, mix them well together, adding the salt. Boil the milk or water in a sauce-pan, and when scalding hot pour it on the meal, and stir the whole very hard. If too stiff, add a little more warm water. Let it stand till it becomes only of a luke-warm heat, and then stir in the yeast. Knead the mixture into a stiff dough, and knead it long and hard for at least half an hour. Then cover the pan with a thick cloth that has been previously warmed, and set it near the fire to rise. When the dough is quite light, and cracked all over the top, take it out of the pan; divide the mass in half, make it into two loaves; knead each loaf well for ten minutes or more; and then cover and set them again near the fire, for half an hour. By this time have the oven ready, put in the loaves directly, and bake them at least an hour and a half. This bread is considered very wholesome.

Should you find the dough sour, you may rectify it by kneading in a teaspoonful of pearlash, dissolved in a little warm water.—*Selected.*

AN UGLY HUSBAND.—In November, 1733, Anne, the eldest daughter of George II. and Queen Caroline, was married to the Prince of Orange, of whom an author says:—

A man, the hideousness of whose appearance is said to have been only exceeded by some monster in a pantomime, or some ogre in a fairy tale. In giving him her hand, the Princess seems to have been entirely influenced by a feminine love of power and rule. To her mother she once observed, "I would die to-morrow to be a queen to-day;" and when her father spoke affectionately to her of the ungainliness of her lover's appearance, and told her that it was not yet too late to recede, "I would marry him (she said) even if he were a baboon." The subsequent story of the Princess and her lover is that of the "Beauty and the Beast" over again. Lord Chesterfield tells us that he had as many "great and good qualities" as any of his ancestors; and accordingly, notwithstanding his revolting ugliness, the princess not only grew extremely fond of her husband, but is said to have been sensibly alive to his attentions to other women.

MARRYATT.—It may be remembered that he once had a difficulty in London with our countryman, N. P. Willis, and a duel was seriously talked of. It was productive of no result, however, except one of the most humorous conceptions in all Marryatt's fictions, the description of the "triangular duel" in "Midshipman Easy." A friend asked Marryatt how he happened to hit upon that laughable incident, and he replied that it entered his head while he was meditating how he should fight Willis. We wish that all duels might end as pleasantly.—*Transcript.*

☞ Mrs. Partington, bless her soul, is still alive and well, in spite of the extreme heat of the season. The Post says that, to use her own language, she "intended the consort of the Female Cemetery, the other evening, and some of the songs were extricated with touching pythagores." She declares "the whole thing went off like a Packenham shot; the young angels sung like syrups, and looked like angels just out of paradox."

A HOME INDIAN.—An awkward fellow, in getting out from the upper end of an omnibus, the other day, made very free with other people, to enable him to keep his balance. One person remarked that he was a savage; "yes," said another "he belongs to the *Paw-knee* tribe."—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

POSTSCRIPT.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

THE POTATO ROT SPREADING.

The steamship Washington arrived at New York on the 6th inst. She brings no later advices from Liverpool, and but twelve hours later from London.

The Steamship United States arrived at Southampton the same day the Washington left, and proceeded at once to Havre.

The same gloomy feeling prevails in London as at last advices.

The accounts from Ireland represent every thing as quiet in that country.

The weather at London and Liverpool continued very bad, and the potato crop is suffering dreadfully in consequence.

No change in the markets.

LONDON, Aug. 19—3 P. M.—Consols closed at 86 to 86¼.

MACBETH.

Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the King at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's house, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own Castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rules of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a King, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a just and equitable Prince. Early authorities show us no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled farther from Macbeth than across the flat scene according to the stage direction. Neither were Banquo and his son ancestors of the house of Stuart. All these things are now known, but the mind retains pertinaciously the impressions made by the imposition of genius.—While the works of Shakspeare are read, and the English language exists, history may say what she will, but the general reader will only recollect Macbeth as the sacrilegious usurper, and Richard as the deformed murderer. The genius of Shakspeare having found the tale of Macbeth in the Scottish chronicles of Hollingshed, adorned with a lustre similar to that with which a level beam of the sun often invests some fragment of glass, which, though shining at a distance with the lustre of a diamond, is, by a nearer investigation, discovered to be of no worth or estimation.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THREE FAULTS OF NURSES.—1. To lisp in a baby's style, when the same words in an endearing tone would please as well. The reverse should be the practice: the voice clearly emphatic, and each syllable distinctly articulated for imitation. 2. To tell of witches, ghosts, and goblins. 3. To direct a child to act like a man; whereas, it is not often becoming for a little boy to ape the man, but only to conform his demeanor to his age. Every age has its peculiar decorousness.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 19th to the 30th August.

August 19, received from			
B. Z. Beeler & Co.	10 00	M. T. Webb	2 00
M. M. Hale	10 00	C. Buhl	2 00
Joel Miller	1 00	W. A. Pierce	30 00
T. Henderson	2 00	M. Guernsey	1 50
A. Futrell	2 00	J. C. Ray	1 50
T. Stringfellow	2 00	H. L. Coyle & Co.	15 00
L. Nuckolls	2 00	Dr. S. H. Foster	2 00
J. T. Gill	2 00	Miss M. L. Wade	2 00
Miss A. T. Brown	2 00	Mrs. P. C. Chase	2 00
A. L. Alexander	2 00	S. & T. Greely	2 00
R. S. Jordan	5 00	W. G. McMurray, Jr.	2 00
August 21.			
Seiler & Stannup	2 00	S. W. Stark	3 00
M. P. Morse	20 00	A. T. Green	2 00
J. E. Toole	5 00	T. P. Batchelder	5 00
J. T. Hoover	2 00	M. Hutchinson	1 25
G. W. Smith	1 40	G. L. Bass	3 00
V. W. Weaver	42 00	J. H. Andruss	11 25
T. B. Whittington	1 12	Dr. P. S. Rood	2 00
F. L. & A. Sweet	10 00	Mrs. A. C. Snell	2 00
E. Morgan	5 00	Miss E. J. Reid	2 00
F. L. Hoffman	5 00	S. H. Worley, Jr.	2 00
Mrs. Ferron	2 00		
August 22			
S. Roworth	2 00	S. T. Patterson, Jr.	2 00
Miss M. A. Fahnestock	2 00	Mrs. E. D. Watson	2 00
A. B. Jackson	2 00	Miss P. T. Sharpley	2 00
D. C. White	1 25	R. & C. Diaglon	15 00
W. A. Ingram	5 00	W. L. Bennett & Co.	10 00
T. Nixon	2 00	R. H. Poindexter & Co.	17 00
J. R. Baker	2 00	C. & C. T. Boyle	10 00
A. Reeser	2 00	N. & D. H. Cress	5 00
M. Atwood	1 00	Mrs. E. McMain	2 00
August 23			
Dr. R. D. Ross	2 00	E. G. Lebree	2 00
Jane H. Shipp	2 00	T. Mayes	2 00
S. Edgar	2 00	Mrs. A. L. Glenn	2 00
Miss E. McClanahan	2 00	Miss H. L. Burke	2 00
S. R. Lawrence	2 00	A. B. Clyde & Co.	10 00
H. Bishop	2 00	T. & H. J. Weeks	15 00
T. Myers, Jr.	2 00	W. L. Chatfield, Jr.	2 00
E. Ovenshine	2 00	N. J. McCool & Co.	10 00
J. Hunter	50	J. L. McLain, Jr.	2 00
C. A. Ladd[illegible]	2 00		
August 24			
Wise & Thomas	5 00	E. T. Edett	6 00
G. Atkinson	2 00	J. J. McRee	10 00
T. Hawkins	1 50	J. Kinnaid & Co.	7 00
G. Morton	2 00	J. G. Hudson	2 00
W. C. Dougherty	21 00	Dr. H. Swayne	3 00
J. Wilson	2 00	Dr. W. D. Keeler	2 00
A. Gallaher	2 00	Mrs. M. T. Wells	2 00
T. F. Clark	2 00	Miss H. C. Hill	2 00
J. K. Love	2 00	L. & G. Dailey	5 00
S. T. Cox	2 00		
August 25			
S. W. Maris	2 00	Dr. P. Q. Beekman	2 00
B. T. Bollard	5 00	Miss L. C. Dillon	2 00
J. M. Lackett	5 00	Miss A. D. Phelps	2 00
J. M. Pierson	2 00	C. K. Darville & Co.	10 00
[illegible] Dillon	2 00	A. D. Wescott & Co.	15 00
A. Van Kirsch	1 50	J. L. Bunting & Co.	5 00
C. Calhoun	50	B. C. Lower & Co.	10 00
G. Bringhurst	50	Miss A. T. Dodd	2 00
J. R. Compton	5 00	Miss E. P. Ward	2 00
August 26			
W. R. Hagy	1 00	J. Adrance	10 00
Mrs. H. Hagy	2 00	C. W. Sartori	8 00
J. McPherson	2 00	Mrs. E. A. Moore	1 50
S. D. Jervis & Co.	8 40	E. S. Fortson	1 50
N. Baker	2 00	H. G. Keiser & Co.	15 00
B. Doffin	2 00	Dr. W. D. Hooper	2 00
T. F. James	115 00	Mrs. A. C. Shirley	2 00
Miss M. W. Burditt	2 00	Miss J. E. Elton	2 00
S. Hicks	2 00	Mrs. H. T. Rich	2 00
G. Bowman, Sr.	2 00	Miss M. G. Taylor	2 00
J. H. C. Rawleigh	2 00	H. & J. Carson	2 00
August 28.			
J. S. Harding	2 00	P. B. McCutcheon	2 00
T. Doolittle	2 00	Mrs. K. Carville	2 00
R. J. Wilson	5 00	Mrs. A. T. Grant	2 00
H. Howard	10 00	M. & W. Bolton	5 00
S. Wooster	1 00	R. G. Marks & Co.	15 00
N. Plumb	2 00	B. P. Pratt & Co.	10 00
J. J. Holt	10 00	W. & S. Duffy	5 00
F. Mercer, Jr.	2 00	Mrs. E. A. Goldey	2 00
H. Neel	2 00		
August 29.			
W. W. Batton	2 00	B. Seldomridge	2 00
G. French	1 50	Miss L. B. Seiden	2 00
J. W. Hill	1 50	Mrs. A. L. Bell	2 00
C. W. Nowkirk	1 50	W. & W. Neal	5 00
W. R. Taylor	10 00	C. B. Hurst & Co.	15 00
Mrs. C. C. Clotherell	10 00	N. H. Lusson, Jr.	2 00
T. M. Gibson	2 00	W. D. Crane & Co.	10 00
J. R. Bryant	24 00	Mrs. K. D. Libby	2 00
M. L. Hain	2 00	Miss A. E. Welden	2 00
D. H. Noe	2 00		
August 30.			
A. P. Boone	2 00	S. C. Pollard & Co.	15 00
J. Kirkland	20 00	W. H. & D. Scull	2 00
B. Wells	5 00	Mrs. E. L. Wright	2 00
J. Van Derveer	2 00	Miss F. R. King	2 00
Miss S. Drown	2 00	H. & R. Jilton	4 00
T. Benedict	2 00	Mrs. E. K. Newell	2 00
H. & E. Willard	2 00	J. C. Callender & Co.	10 00
J. Brown	2 00	B. H. & C. Mott	4 00
N. & H. Kirby	10 00	Mrs. H. C. Hart	2 00

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '68	104¼	104½	Far & Mec	52¼	52½
" '67	104¼	104½	Commercial	51½	52
" '62	103	104	N Liberty	40	—
" '56	102½	103	Mechanics'	24½	24¾
" 5s '53	93¾	94	P Township	26	—
" 5s '51	99	99½	Girard	10½	10¾
U S Tr N 6s	103¾	104¼	Western	50	—
Philada 6s	99	100	Man & Mechs	25¼	25½
" 5s '50	91½	95	Bk of Com	50	—
" 5s '67	87	88	Camden	50	—
County 6s	95	98	Germantown	40	—
" 5s	82½	83	Trenton Bkg Co	32	—
Penna 6s	85½	86	M & M, Pitts	42¼	45
" 5s	73¾	74¼	Exchange, Pitts	40½	—
Tennessee 6s	76	76½	Louisville, Ky	88	—
Cincinnati 6s	—	88	Kentucky Bk	80¼	—
WW	—	86¼	Northern	90	—
Texas Notes	—	11	Union, Tenn	—	43½
Texas Isle 8s	—	15	Planters, Tenn	43	45
Schuyl N 6s '88	36	38	Vicksburg	13	—
" '82	36	38	N O Gas Bk	11½	121
Lehigh N 6s	55	55½	Schuyl Nav	10	15
" Int loan	53	54	Lehigh Nav	20	25
" Mort	79	80	C & Del Cl	60	61
" Cl Scrip	85	85½	Morris Cl	8¼	9¼
C & Del Cl 6s	82	84	Union Cl	8¼	9¼
C & Am R 6s	97	98	Cam & Am R	125	130
Susqueh Cl 6s	47	51	Bea Mdw R	20	—
Norrist'n R 6s	64	69	Lykens Val R	15	—
Harrisburg R 6s	82	88	Susqueh Cl	8¼	11
Wil R 6s	77½	78	Norristown R	11	11½
Read R 6s '50	55	55½	Harrisburg R	34½	36
" Mort 6s	61	62	Wilmington R	25	27
U S Bk Notes	85	90	Reading R	16½	16¾
U S Bk Shares	2¼	2½	Flem Copper	3	4
N Amer Bk	114½	115	N J Copper	1½	2
Penna Bk	262½	266½	Allegheny Cop	2	—
Philadelphia	116½	117	Penna Coa R	5	—

Ledger.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. *No. 24 South Third Street. Philadelphia, September 9, 1848.*

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	88 dis
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	35 dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	65 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	2 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par
Canal bk, Albany	30 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	10 dis
Attica bank	30 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	1 dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	1 dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	1 dis
CANADA	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches	1½ dis
Far. Bk & bran	1 dis
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So. West R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
Central Bk of Mill	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co.	—
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	3 dis
ALABAMA	
Bank of Mobile	2½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	2 dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO	
Bank of Wooster	80 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	5 dis
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners' bank	—

REMOVAL.
E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY,
HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 87 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardiner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevens,* and *W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James* and *Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE only collects for us in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

CHAS. W. SARTORI is our only Collector for New Jersey.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York and Canada.

J. L. SPROGLE, in Ohio, &c.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c., No. 40 Ann Street, New York City.*
HOTCHKISS & CO., Boston, Mass.
of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama.
of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.
Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY IN THE OLD DOMINION.

We extract an article from the New Era, published at Portsmouth, Virginia, and edited by A. F. Cunningham, Esq. He speaks of himself, and here is the extract—(Dec. 24, 1846.)

We have been, for some days, suffering under severe inflammation of the lungs, produced by cold, and irritated by speaking in public, so that throughout Saturday night, Sunday, Monday, till Tuesday, the symptoms of the disease seemed to increase, and the suffering was intense, without the least appetite for food. The cough was dry and hard, causing the most acute pains in the head and back. We had fairly given up all hope of relief, when we thought of this Balsam, and we sent round to our friend Heintsh, the agent, for a bottle. We took the first dose according to the directions, and almost instantly felt a glow of healthy warmth through the system—this was two o'clock—at five, we took another dose, at nine another, and we soon after detected a perceptible relief in the frequency of the spasms and violent pains that had before attended them. At three in the morning we took another dose, and the phlegm, though tough, yellow and ropy, was ejected from the lungs with comparative ease. We feel grateful for the relief afforded, and recommend a trial of it by all who are suffering as we suffered. We have deemed it due to the medicine, and to humanity, to give this unsought testimony to the virtues of the Balsam, in our case.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street, Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. 1t

ALMANAC.

Sep. 1848	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
9 Saturday,	5 43	6 17	11 5	
10 Sunday,	5 44	6 16	11 59	D. H. M.
11 Monday,	5 45	6 15	12 45	
12 Tuesday,	5 47	6 13	1 27	
13 Wedn'sday,	5 48	6 12	2 [illegible]	First 5 3 44
14 Thursday,	5 49	6 11	3 [illegible]	Full 13 1 21
15 Friday,	5 50	6 10	3 [illegible]	Last 19 4 2
16 Saturday,	5 52	6 8	4 51	New 27 4 43

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Aug.	27,	70	75	80
	28,	70	77	81
	29,	76	80	83
	30,	74	82	85
	31,	75	83	87
Sept.	1,	76	83	86
	2,	73	79	81

Married.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. L. Storks, Mr. WM. C. WHINLOW, of Milton, Del. to Miss MARY ELIZABETH CARHART, of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. JAMES T. VANARTSDALE, to Miss CAROLINE NAGLE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Ald. J. Mitchell, JOSEPH J. GILLINGHAM, to SARAH J. SIMPSON, both of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia county.

On the 19th ult by Ald. J. Mitchell, Jos. SHACKLETON, to JANE ENTWISTLE, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. C. Henry Plummer, FINEAS J. SAMSON, to Miss MARIA M'DANIEL, both of New London Township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. JONATHAN CUMMINGS, to Miss JANE STORRIS, all of Cocksainik.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. G. Owen, Mr. WM. N. BARRY, of Cincinnati, to Miss SARAH A. BROCKERMAN, of Kensington.

On the 3d Nov. 1847, by the Rev. Samuel Pancoast, Mr. JOHN R. CHADWICK, of South Penn, to ELLEN, daughter of the late Thomas Rose, Esq. of this city.

On the 31st ult by Ald. J. Cook, JOHN C. JONES, of Newton Township, Del. county, to SYBIL LELAND, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. D. T. Carnahan, Mr. JAMES YOUNG, to Miss MARGARET BOYD, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. R. Newton, Mr. JOS. A. PHILLIPS, to Miss LYDIA GRUBBANY, of this city.

On the 27th ult. in St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Sourin, Mr. ROBERT McMAKIN, of Baltimore, to Miss ROSETTA DONOHO, of Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

On the 19th of July last, by the Rev. Geo. Lacey, Mr. GEORGE W. LEWIS, of Philadelphia, to ANN M. ZEIGLER, of Gettysburg.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. CHARLES L. STRAWN, of Lafayette, Indiana, to Miss SUSAN STUCKERT, of Philadelphia.

In Covington, Ky. on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Baylis, C. CARPENTER, of Philadelphia, to ANNA M. PEAK, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. WM. F. YOUNG, to Miss ELIZA McCLELLAN, all of this city.

In Alexandria, Va. on the 21st ult. by the Rev. John F. Aiken, WM. H. HEMMICK, of Baltimore, to CAROLINE, daughter of John Taliaferro, Esq. of the former place.

Died.

On the 31st ult. ARMSTEAD R. BARRON, aged 27.

On the 31st ult. MARGARET T. daughter of David Watson.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. MARY LAFOURCADE, aged 58.

On the 1st inst. CECILIA GEMENY, daughter of Orlando B. and Louisa Cornish, aged 22 months.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. AMY, wife of John Hile, aged 34 years.

On the 1st inst. NEWBERRY SMITH, aged 87 years.

On the 1st inst. CORNELIUS MCNERNEY, aged 1.

On the 1st inst. NICHOLAS D. MINSTER, aged 35.

On the 31st ult. JAMES RUSSELL, aged 77 years.

On the 31st ult. ANGELICA, wife of J. L. Harder.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. CLARISSA SMITH, aged 52.

On the 31st ult. GEO. LEONARD, son of Jas. and Ann Humphries, aged 4 years and 8 months.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. BARBARY WESTON, aged 45.

On the 1st inst. ADELAIDE, wife of John Hill, aged 25 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. JOHN ALEXANDER, aged 22.

On the 1st inst. Miss MARY JANE, daughter of John D. and Sarah A. Taylor, aged 18 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH THRONE, aged 26.

On the 30th ult. WM. HENRY, son of John and Lydia Geiz, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 30th ult. SARAH, wife of Lieut. Jas. P. Oellers, U. S. Navy, aged 51 years.

GEORGE W. FOREMAN, aged 15 years.

At Vera Cruz, 22d July last, THOS. GREBLE, aged 31.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. MARY SIMONS, aged 33 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ROSANNA MCMENAMY, aged 50 years.

On the 30th ult. MARY B. WILLOUGHBY, aged 6.

On the 30th ult. JOHN EDWARDS, aged 3 years.

On the 29th ult. JAMES MILLER, son of John and Esther A. Fulton, aged 10 months.

On the 30th ult. ALEXANDER, son of Geo and Sarah Downing, aged 11 months.

On the 28th ult. SAMUEL O. ELLIS, aged 37 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. WM. SMITH, aged 34 years.

On the 29th ult. CHRISTOPHER STELLWELL, aged 30.

On the 29th ult. THOMAS MILBURN, aged 47 years.

On the 29th ult. SALLIE, daughter of Sarah A. and Geo. W. Conrad, aged 13 months.

On the 30th ult. REBECCA, daughter of Edw. G. and Sarah Jones, aged 6 years.

On the 28th ult. SARAH L. BALL, aged 7 weeks.

On the 29th ult. ELIZABETH H. GRAHAM, aged 73.

On the 29th ult. WILLIAM, son of John and Susan Clifford, aged 4 months.

On the 28th ult. EDWARD CLARENCE, son of P. B. and Louisa L. Fuller, aged 22 months.

On the 29th ult. WM. JAMES, son of John and the late Mary Curren.

FASHIONS.

MAHAN'S SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING and REPORTS of FASHIONS are now ready for delivery. The present publication contains a larger variety of new and fashionable drafts than we have ever before issued, viz: Draft of Dress Coat; Frock Coat; Riding Coat; Cambline Paletot; Lamartine Sack; Paletot; Lincoln Coat; Paletot Sack; Jean Bart Paletot; with military drafts of Dress and Undress; also drafts of Plain and Gay Quaker Coats. Besides a variety of drafts of Vests and Pants. The above drafts are all correct, as the author is a Practical Tailor, and proves his drafts ere they are published. The Plate of Fashions contains eighteen figures, two of which is correct likenesses of GENS. TAYLOR and CASS. These pictures are taken from Daguerreotypes, that of Gen. Taylor was obtained by M. A. Root, 140 Chesnut street. He wrote to a friend in New Orleans and had it forwarded to him. And the Daguerreotype of Gen. Cass was obtained for me by Messrs Van Loan & Chase, of Washington City. The Plate has been examined by several artists who pronounce it the best got up Plate of Fashions they have ever seen issued in the United States.

TERMS.—System $5 per year. To those who pay in advance we send an Uncolored Plate as a present for prompt pay. System and Colored Plates are $8 per year, or $7 if paid in advance (to regular subscribers.) Persons subscribing to the Colored Plates only are charged $3 per year, or $2 per single Plate with large pattern sheet and small pamphlet of explanations accompanying the Plates. F. MAHAN, 211 Chesnut street, Philada.

All newspapers giving the above one insertion and sending us a copy containing it, we will send them a Colored Plate of Fashions. 11*

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefitting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 109 Chesnut street corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, if you wish to purchase Clothing good and cheap, do not neglect calling at ROCKHILL & WILSON'S, No. 109 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place. N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 29-1y

CHARLES CAMBLOS'
STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.
BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c. mar 11-1y
Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. ☞ Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.
Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
JOHN H. CHAMBERS & CO., Successors to ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

TYPE FOR SALE.
ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$0,00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1,30
For one square, 6 months,	$30,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00

Payment is required in advance.

OCTOBER NO. OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—72 pages, as much as is given in a common sized novel.
32 Contributors—the best in the country.
25 Engravings by various artists.
In fact THE BOOK FOR OCTOBER will contain nearly twice as much of every thing as any two of the other Magazines of the same month.
Many persons who wished to obtain the RELIGIOUS PORTRAITS of Fanny Forester, Harriet Newell, Mrs. Stewart, E. E. Dwight, and Ann H. Judson, published in the August No. were disappointed. On application at the publication office, these portraits may now be obtained with the September No. Impressions will also be placed in a few copies of the October No., so that all may be supplied.
Price, 25 cents per number.
☞ Postage must be paid on all mail orders.
L. A. GODEY, Publisher, Office 113 Chesnut st., Philadelphia. sep 9-1t

MR. AND MRS. PICOT'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, No. 15 WASHINGTON SQUARE, SOUTH SIDE, PHILADELPHIA.

SINCE the year 1843, this Institution has been in constant operation, and patronised by many of the most respectable families in Philadelphia and other places.

It is located in the most healthy and agreeable part of the city.

Instruction is given, through the medium of French and English, by MR. and MRS. PICOT, and a sufficient number of competent Teachers, *in all the branches taught in the best schools for young ladies.*

The daily and extensive practice in French, which the plan pursued in this Institution necessarily required affords an essential advantage—that of enabling the pupils to acquire, at the same time, *with the branches of a complete English education*, a thorough knowledge of the most useful of modern languages.

N. B.—MR. PICOT being anxious to diffuse a plan of instruction, which, in the opinion of good judges, has been attended with very advantageous results, would be happy to receive into his family a few well educated young ladies of respectable connexions, who might wish to devote themselves to teaching, and after having become practically and thoroughly acquainted with this method, would use it, as some have already done, in other institutions or private families.

Terms for day and boarding pupils—about the same as in the other respectable schools in Philadelphia.

The best reference may be given. sep 2-4t

Professor PICOT is the author of a series of books for instruction in the French Language, which has received the most decided approval from the friends of education. They have been published by Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co., 253 Market street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY throughout the United States, to dispose of a number of the most BEAUTIFUL, POPULAR AND USEFUL BOOKS ever published in this country. Any man with a small capital of from $25 to $50, and possessed of any business capacity, *can make very handsome profits*, as the most liberal inducements will be offered. For further particulars address (post-paid) WM. A. LEARY, 158 North Second street, Philadelphia. aug26-3t

ELEGANT HISTORICAL BOOKS. JUST PUBLISHED.

THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION, WITH A NARRATIVE OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. *By Charles J. Peterson.* In one royal 8vo. volume, with 10 illustrations on steel, and nearly 200 Engravings on wood.

THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812: WITH A HISTORY OF THE WAR. And THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO; WITH A HISTORY OF THE WAR. *By Charles J. Peterson.* In one royal octavo volume, with 20 Engravings on steel, and more than 200 on wood.

These beautiful books have been written with extreme care, and are illustrated in a manner superior to anything of the kind heretofore issued from the American press. They are printed in the best manner, and bound in a durable and handsome style.
WM. A. LEARY, Publisher, No. 158 North Second St., Philadelphia. aug26-3t

WANTED,

A NUMBER OF ACTIVE MEN, to go South and West. Also, some in the New England States, to act as agents for the sale of new and popular works. $300 per year profits, over and above their expenses, will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1,000 per year, and more, if they are active. Some men now in our employ will no doubt make over $1,000 per year, clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 to $50, to obtain a good fitting out.
Apply to A. WINCH, No. 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
☞ All letters must be post-paid. aug19-3t*

PAPER HANGINGS, No. 118 CHESNUT ST.
THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of Isaac Pugh & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and price, both foreign and domestic.
It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say we consider our papers equal to any made in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.
HART, MONTGOMERY & Co., No. 118 Chesnut street. aug5-6m

IMPROVEMENT IN WARMING AND VENTILATING HOUSES.—B. M. FELTWELL, late Lloyd & Feltwell, No. 406 Market street, (Girard Stores) between 11th and 12th, is agent for the celebrated Culver Cast Iron Furnaces.
He manufactures also, and has constantly for sale, Cooking Ranges, Bath Boilers, Summer Ovens, Grates and Stoves.
Also, Furnaces of different kinds, Registers and Ventilators of the newest and best patterns. Cast Iron, Tin or Smoke Pipe, with a large assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, all warranted to be of the best material, well made, and to meet the purposes they are intended for. B. M. FELTWELL, jy29-3m Late Lloyd & Feltwell, 406 Market street.

CAUTION.
THE GREAT CELEBRITY WHICH MY Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative has acquired in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, and the great demand that I have for the article, have prompted some unprincipled persons to get up an article of the same name, and in every outward appearance perfectly similar. The label is a perfect fac simile of my own. The subscriber would be above noticing such baseness, but is obliged to do so to put his customers upon their guard, as the whole style of the article is well calculated to deceive. Be careful to look that the NAME OF JULES HAUEL be on the label. JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

☞ WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!—Unrivalled dark, lovely and beautiful hair is produced by the use of that popular preparation, known as JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL RESTORATIVE.
No one will use any other after once using this delightful article. It is pronounced to be a prodigy in chemistry. It cleans the hair, renders it beautifully bright, smooth and glossy, and restores the hair where it has fallen off from disease, and in these desirable effects it has *never failed to give satisfaction.*
Its effects are perfectly astonishing—its results are certain. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by JULES HAUEL, Perfumer and Chemist, 120 Chesnut street, 4th door below Fourth, south side. jy22-1y

ALMANACS! ALMANACS! ALMANACS!—DR. D. JAYNE would hereby inform the public and MERCHANTS AND STORE-KEEPERS in particular, that he publishes annually, for gratuitous distribution, by himself and all his Agents, an Almanac, called JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH. The calculations for these Almanacs are made with great care and accuracy, and for five different Latitudes and Longitudes, so as to make them equally useful as a Calendar in every part of the United States and British North America. They are printed on good paper, and with handsome new type, and are neatly bound, and besides being the neatest and most accurate Calendar printed in the United States, they contain a large amount of valuable information, suited to the wants of all, and of that kind too, which cannot be found in books. His catalogue of diseases, with remarks and directions for their removal is really invaluable, and makes them welcome visiters in every house they enter. Every family should possess at least one of these Annuals. One million of his Almanacs for 1848 have been published and distributed. His Almanac for 1849 is now ready for distribution, of which he designs to publish at least
TWO MILLIONS,
and in order that every family in the United States and British America, may be furnished with a copy, he hereby invites MERCHANTS and STOREKEEPERS to forward their orders to him as early as possible and they shall be supplied GRATUITOUSLY, with as many copies as they may deem necessary to supply their various customers. They are also invited, at the same time, to send a copy of their "BUSINESS CARD," which will be printed and placed on the covers of the Almanacs sent them, also *without charge.*
Orders (post-paid) directed to DR. D. JAYNE, Philad'a, will meet with prompt attention. jy 1-3m

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

Watches	Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, from	$35 00 to 100 00
	" Lepine " from	25 00 to 40 00
	Silver Levers, " from	17 00 to 35 00
	Plain and Lepine, " from	6 00 to 14 00

Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1 25 to 12 00. Gold Pens from $1 00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature-frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.
Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this article—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4 50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made exclusively of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britannia Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish. S. M. HOPPER, No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second and Third, (south side) Phila. june 3-1y

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.
N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street, PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.
Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y*
N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at the PHILADELPHIA WATCH AND JEWELRY STORE, No 96 NORTH SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	16 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,	11 "
Silver Quartier Watches,	$5 to 10
Gold Pencils,	$1 50 to $7 00
Fine Gold Rings,	37½ cents to $80

Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Desert $10, Table $15.
Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.
Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.
Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested. O. CONRAD, No. 96 North SECOND Street, Importer of Watches. jan 29-61y

ROBERT JOHNSTON'S STOCK, BANK NOTE EXCHANGE, AND COLLECTION OFFICE, No. 24 SOUTH THIRD STREET, *Opposite to Congress Hall Hotel, Philadelphia.*
WHERE the different branches of Bank Note, Stock and Collection Business, will be conducted on the most liberal terms. mar 11-4m
Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold.
Drafts, Notes and Bills, on the various sections of the United States, collected with despatch.
Every description of Stocks, Loans, &c., &c., bought and sold on Commission, at the Board of Brokers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

This paper contains from one-fourth to one-half more than the generality of Two Dollar Weeklies. The terms are as follows:

1 COPY,		$2.00 PER ANNUM.
4 COPIES,		$5.00 "
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00 "
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00 "
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00 "

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS. SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 250 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a notice of the enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the firm.

Miss Pickering's New Novel, The ORPHAN NIECE.
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,

Has just published THE ORPHAN NIECE, a novel, By Miss ELLEN PICKERING, author of "Nan Darrell," "Agnes Serle," "Who Shall be Heir," "The Quiet Husband," etc. Three volumes complete in one, printed from new type, and on the finest white paper; price 25 cents, or five copies for One Dollar.

Any person in this country can have a copy of this work, or any of the following, or anything else, sent them by return of mail, on remitting the amount to the publisher, in a letter, post paid.

T. B. PETERSON has also just published the following works, at 25 cents each, or any five of them will be given for One Dollar.

Lena Cameron; or, the Four Sisters. By Mrs. GREY.
The Baronet's Daughters, and Harry Monk. By Mrs. GREY.
The Little Wife; a Record of Matrimonial Life. By Mrs. GREY.
The Belle of the Family. By Mrs. GREY.
The Duke and the Cousin. By Mrs. GREY.
Sybil Lennard; a Record of Woman's Life. By Mrs. GREY.
The Manœuvring Mother. By Mrs. GREY.
The Old Dower House. By Mrs. GREY.
Alice Seymour, a Novel. By Mrs. GREY.
Hyacinthe; or, the Contrast. By Mrs. GREY.
The Young Prima Donna. By Mrs. GREY.
Love in a Cottage. By T. S. ARTHUR.
Lucy Sandford; a Story of the Heart. By T. S. ARTHUR.
Insubordination; or, the Shoemaker's Daughters. By T. S. ARTHUR.
Agnes; or, the Possessed. A Revelation of Mesmerism. By T. S. ARTHUR.
The Fortune Hunter. By Mrs. ANNA CORA MOWATT. (Her last.)
Abednego, the Money Lender. By Mrs. GORE.
The Life of Harry Thomas, the Western Burglar and Murderer, full of engravings.
Madison's Exposition of the Awful Ceremonies of Odd Fellowship, with 20 plates.
Gliddon's Ancient Egypt, her Monuments, Hieroglyphics, History, etc., full of plates.
Professor Liebig's celebrated work on Agricultural Chemistry. Complete.
Animal Chemistry. By Professor JUSTUS LIEBIG, complete in one volume.
Neuropathy; or, the True Art of Healing the Sick. By the celebrated Dr. HOLLICK.
Father Clement. By GRACE KENNADY, author of "Dunallen," "Abbey of Innismoyle," etc. etc.
The Abbey of Innismoyle. By GRACE KENNADY, author of "Father Clement."
Narrative of the Iniquities and Barbarities practised at Rome in the Nineteenth Century. By RAFFAELE CIOCCI, formerly a Benedictine and Cistercian Monk.
The Ensnared; a Story of the Heart. By LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.
Flirtation; or Real Scenes in Life. By LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.
The Beautiful French Girl; or the Daughter of Monsieur Fontanbleu.
Legends of Mexico; or the Battles of Old Rough and Ready. By GEORGE LIPPARD.

T. B. PETERSON also publishes the following, at their respective prices:

The Highlands of Ethiopia, 400 octavo pages. By MAJOR W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, 75 cts.
Life in Paris. By G. W. M. REYNOLDS, author of "Life in London," etc. full of engravings, 37½ cents.
Salathiel; or, the Wandering Jew. By Rev. GEORGE CROLY, 50 cents.
Llorente's History of the Inquisition in Spain, complete, 37½ cents.
Professor Liebig's Complete works on Agricultural and Animal Chemistry, bound, 62½ cts.
Outlines of Anatomy and Physiology, with a large dissected plate of the Human Figure, colored to life. By the celebrated Dr. HOLLICK.
De Cormenin's History of the Popes of Rome, from the Birth of Christ to the present time, in 3 volumes, bound, 600 large royal octavo pages each, illustrated with 16 colored engravings of Popes, Cardinals, etc., in full costume, price $4. The whole work is also bound in one very thick volume, with two illustrations, for $3. Or the whole work is neatly done up in 10 numbers, of some 112 pages each, in paper covers, with two plates, and the whole will be sold or sent by mail for $2.50.

T. B. PETERSON has also on hand, and can supply, every work published in this country, at the lowest prices.

His establishment is also Head Quarters for all the Magazines, Weekly Newspapers, Cheap Publications, Traveller's Guides, Lithographic Prints, Caricatures, etc., published in this country. Subscriptions received for any of the Monthly Magazines or Weekly Newspapers published. All persons are respectfully invited to call, if only to look at our assortment, any of which can be bought at publisher's lowest cash prices. News Agents, Booksellers, and all others supplied regularly at the very lowest rates.

Address all orders, post paid, to **T. B. PETERSON,** No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

And they will be faithfully attended to, and forwarded by return of Mail, Express, Rail Road, Stage, or Steamboat, as may be directed. Any person's wants can be attended to the same by writing to us, with full particulars, just as well as if they came in person.

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY" has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle, this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself. W. M. SPEAR.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D., 1847.
[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

A copyright of the Balsam is secured.

Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right.) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life; it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first, most efficacious, and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in Consumption, ever offered to the public.

A liberal discount to Druggists and Country Dealers.

Look well to the marks of the genuine.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents, for the (only genuine) *DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY*, for the following States, viz: New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.

Also for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M. SPEAR, No. 146 VINE Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the (only genuine) Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. WM. M. SPEAR.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.

AGENTS.
CUTHBERT & WETHERILL, 76 South Second Street.
WETHERILL & BROTHERS, N. E. corner of Front and Arch Streets.
G. B. ZIEBER & CO., 3 Ledger Building.
J. & W. PENFOLD & CO., New York.
A. McCLURE & CO., *DR. HERRICK & CO.* — Albany, N. Y.
JNO. F. PRESCOTT, Troy, N. Y.
CHAS. DYER, Jr., Providence, R. I.
REDDING & CO., *MRS. E. KIDDER*, *JAMES GREEN* — Boston, Mass.
D. SCOTT, Jr., & CO. — Worcester, Mass.
H. & J. BREWER, Springfield, Mass.
G. W. WELCH & CO., Hartford, Ct.
J. GISH & CO., Lancaster, Pa.
DR. A. H. BARNITZ, York, Pa.
REYNOLDS & CO., Lockeville, N. C.
JNO. L. KIDWELL, Georgetown, D. C.
ALEX DUVAL, Richmond, Va.
Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5. ap 29-1y

THE WAY TO EARN A FARM.
A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States. A number of Agents, well recommended for *capacity, business tact and integrity*, may hear of inducements of NO ORDINARY KIND, by addressing the subscribers, POSTAGE PAID. A small capital of from $25 to $100, will be necessary to make a commencement. For particulars, address, postage paid, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia.
NO LETTERS ATTENDED TO UNLESS THE POSTAGE IS PAID. ap 1-1y

OAKFORD'S GREAT HAT, CAP AND FUR ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 104 CHESNUT STREET, Between THIRD and FOURTH Streets, PHILADELPHIA.
THE Advertiser has constantly on hand and manufacturing, every description of HATS AND CAPS, of the latest and most approved fashions, consisting of

YOUTHS' HATS AND CAPS,
In great variety, among which is a new article for *Spring and Summer wear.*
PLAIN HATS FOR FRIENDS
Made in the best manner and for superiority of finish and material, have never been surpassed.
THE SPRING FASHIONS
For Gentlemen's and Youth's Hats, are just out; also a new style of Lady's Riding Caps, to which the attention of purchasers is requested, assuring them that his prices are such as will please all who may favor him with a visit, being as low as can be afforded at any Establishment in the United States. CHAS. OAKFORD, No. 104 CHESNUT STREET, between Third and Fourth Streets, PHILADELPHIA. mar 4-tf

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease CONSUMPTION,—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored fæces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface; in ordinary cases one or two bottles will generally remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface, by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are *nausea, heart burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c.* The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulants, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, as so to be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the seat of the disease.

These "*Bitters*" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely relieve nervousness, and prevent frightful dreams—they are Entirely Vegetable*, and their power over disease in the *Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems*, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.

All can be cured who will use them as directed, it is within the power of medicine.

These "*Bitters*," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of *each* for the worst cases.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, *GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 278 RACE STREET*, one door above Eighth, *Philadelphia*, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.

☞ *They will keep in any climate.* may8-1y

THE CHEAP BOOKSTORE.
DANIELS & SMITH, *N. W. Corner of Fifth and Arch Sts., Philada.*, keep constantly for sale one of the most extensive assortments of *useful Books* in the city, and they buy most of their stock at auction. They sell a *great number* of Books at *Half Price*, and all below the "*Regular Prices.*" Our stock is composed of Old and New Books in Theology, (which department receives particular attention and embraces many rare works,) History, Biography, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, Poetry, Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, Travel, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, (with Instruments, &c. &c.), including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Italian Books, together with a very complete assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONARY at prices which never fail to give satisfaction to TEACHERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.
Small Profits and Cash Sales is our motto. [m11-1y
☞ Second hand Books bought and exchanged.
☞ Books imported to order from London and Paris.

T. B. PETERSON'S GREAT CHEAP BOOK, MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, PERIODICAL and PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT is at NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, at which place any of the Magazines or Cheap Publications published can always be obtained, or subscribed for. Particular attention paid to filling all orders sent to the country.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS.
A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1000 A YEAR.
AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNION, to procure Subscribers to "SEARS' PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE," and to sell SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST EVER PUBLISHED, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a-year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, No. 128 Nassau street, New York.
☞ Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if requested, (post-paid,) at the rate of Ten Nos. for One Dollar, Ten Copies for single copies.

Selected Poetry.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY: AND HOW TO GAIN THEM.

FROM THE LONDON PUPPET SHOW.

I.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

II.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause:
'Tis not in blood Equality
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

III.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime,
We join the cry "Fraternity,"
We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp nor pike nor spear
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

IV.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong!
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striv'n in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

V.

Peace, knowledge, progress, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widows' groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

Selected Sketch.

THOMAS KENDALL'S FIRST NIGHT IN THE CITY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY EVA MILFORD.

On a bright sunshiny morning in June, there was a little group standing at old Farmer Kendall's door, watching to catch the first glimpse of the Boston stage, coming over the hill; for Thomas, the farmer's son, was going to the great city, to purchase the goods with which to stock a new store, which was to be the wonder of his native village.

This had long been a favorite plan with Thomas and now that he was one-and-twenty, he seemed so much bent upon it, that the old farmer had at last consented, and even borrowed five hundred dollars for him, on his own personal security. To this loan was added a thousand dollars which had been left to Thomas by his grandfather, and which had been drawn from the bank of the neighboring town only the day before that on which the young man was to commence his journey.

The stage at last appeared on the brow of the hill, and little Ned was immediately despatched to look for his brother in the garden, where he was saying farewell to his betrothed, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, to whom the young embryo merchant was much attached.

This parting tete-a-tete, no doubt very interesting to the lovers, but not so much so to the reader, was now cut short by the abrupt communication from little Ned that the coach was coming, and that his brother must hurry to the house, or he would not be in time.

"Good bye, then, dearest Mary," said the young man; "I shall be back in a week, and then in another, you know what you have promised."

The lovers were at the house—there were parting speeches and admonitions, from father, mother, brothers, and sisters, a tearful look from Mary, and the young man was gone.

Leaving this happy family at home, to their peace and quiet life, let us follow the young trader to the great emporium of learning, business, and, alas! of vice.

Thomas had never been in Boston, nor indeed out of his native State of Maine, and many were the cautious injunctions laid upon him by his father and among others, to be sure and deliver his letter of introduction to his father's old friend, Mr. Simpson, as soon as possible after his arrival.

"For then," said the old man, "he can give you advice about selecting your goods, and the best merchants to go to, for Boston is a dreadful place and a young man may go astray there very easy."

Thomas promised and intended to fulfil; but when he arrived in Boston, at about noon the next day, he found that he must dine and rest before he could go to Mr. Simpson's house. As he sat in the coffee-room after dinner, looking at the curious current of life which poured past the windows, he was addressed by a respectable-looking and middle-aged man, who observed to him:

"Rather an interesting scene that below, especially to a gentleman who has not seen much of the city."

"Very true; but how did you know that I had not seen much of the city?"

A slight smile of exultation curled the lip of the stranger, but was instantly gone, and he carelessly answered:

"Oh, I can generally tell. But come up to my room, won't you, and take a good glass of old Madeira with me?"

"Thank you, sir," replied the young man, "but I never drink any thing intoxicating."

"You mean, my dear young friend, that you never become intoxicated. I presume that at home you drink your mother's nice root beer, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, at the same time wondering very much how this stranger could know so much of his private affairs. "Yes, sir, I drink that; but what I meant was, that I never drink brandy, or rum, or any thing of that sort."

"No, indeed, I hope not," gravely replied the stranger, "and I should be the very last person to tempt you to it; but this Madeira of which I spoke is extremely mild—a complete lady's wine; you might drink a whole bottle and not feel it in the least. But what I principally asked you up for was because your face reminds me so strongly of some old friend of mine, but who it is I cannot for my life remember. May I ask your name?"

"Thomas Kendall, sir."

"Good heavens! you must be the son of my old bosom friend and companion, Kendall—I heard that he had settled down into a steady, sober farmer, how is that?"

"Why, I didn't know that he was ever any thing else. But what is your name, sir? Perhaps I have heard him mention you."

"My name is Green—Charley Green, but I guess your father would not be likely to mention me to you, for he and I used to have some gay times together, and he would not care to tell you, lest it might weaken the effect of all the good counsel that he gives you, I suppose. But come along with me; I want to hear all about your father and yourself, and where you live, and all."

Thomas accordingly followed Mr. Green up stairs, mentally congratulating himself upon finding so soon a friend of his father's, and when Mr. Green produced the bottle of wine, and told him that his father had drank many a bottle of the kind with him, he no longer hesitated, and when the first glass was gone, and Mr. Green filled it again, Thomas made no objection.

It was really marvellous to see in how very short a time the host had extracted from his guest all the particulars of his business in Boston, how much money he had with him, and to whom his letter of introduction was addressed.

"Ah yes, my good friend Simpson," exclaimed he, when the letter was produced. "I know him well, and shall be happy to accompany you to his house, if you like."

"That's you, my fine fellow!" said Thomas who had become highly exhilarated with his unusual potations. "And we'll go right off, too."

"I think we had better have tea, first, shan't we?"

"Just as you say. I suppose the old gentleman will be taking a nap himself, now, so I don't know but it will be as well to wait a little."

"And in the meantime," resumed Mr. Green "I'll take you with me, if you please, to a place where I have appointed to meet a friend, at just about this time. You will find it very entertaining there, I dare say."

"Why, where is it?"

"Oh, a place where most of our fashionable young men go to spend their spare evenings."

"Well, what do they do there?"

"Some talk, some read the newspapers, some play cards, and some eat and drink."

"Hurrah! let's go at once. Go it! I'll be fashionable, too."

"He's getting on," muttered Mr. Green, gazing at his *protege* with a speculative expression of countenance; "but I must get him a little quieter before I carry him into the street."

"What's that you're saying?" asked the victim, in a thick voice.

"I was saying that we would have some tea before we went out, for I always like to be regular at my meals."

"Charley Green" accordingly rang the bell, and had some tea brought up, and then, as Thomas had grown a little more quiet, both gentlemen sallied forth, and in a short time entered a fashionable-looking house. On Mr. Green's saying a few mysterious words to the man who opened the door they were shown into a large saloon, magnificently furnished and lighted, where were assembled a number of young men, all busy with different games of cards. But the interiors of gaming houses have been so often described by those better fitted for the task than myself, that I do not attempt it—as my object is only to tell a *true* story in as few words as may be.

As soon as the two entered the hall, a dashing looking person, with a cigar in his mouth, came up, and holding out his hand to Thomas's companion, said—

"How do you do, Oakes?"

"My dear Cutting, why will you persist in that threadbare joke of calling me Oakes, because my name is Green. There are many things greener than oak trees, my friend; and by the way, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Kendall, to you."

Mr. Cutting winked almost imperceptibly at Mr. Green, or Oakes, and held out his hand familiarly to Thomas. He was, however, soon separated from this new acquaintance by his first friend, who asked him if he would not like to learn to play "poker," as the friend who had promised to meet him had not arrived.

Thomas readily consented, nor did he even start when his friend proposed that they should stake dollars instead of counters. A decanter of wine was upon the table, and Mr. Green was careful that Thomas's glass should never be empty. They had played several games, and Thomas had already won and lost ten dollars, when the man who had opened the door for them, rushed into the room exclaiming—

"The police!—the police! They are at both doors and will be in, in another minute. The passage through the cellar is the only way left to escape."

There was now a general rush for the cellar. Thomas, hardly able to walk, was dragged along by his friend, Mr. Green, but upon emerging from the cellar, the fresh air deprived the young inebriate of his little remaining sense, and he sank upon the ground.

Mr. Green, who was a strong man, seized him in his arms and ran with him for some distance; but finding that the police were hotly pursuing him, he put his burden upon the ground and began to rifle his pockets—but before he had found anything more valuable than a pocket handkerchief, two police officers turned the corner, and Mr. Green betook himself to his heels, and the worthy guardians of the city's peace followed so fast that they did not perceive the insensible form of the young man lying upon the side-walk.

When Thomas Kendall next became conscious of anything, he found himself lying in a nice bed, and in a room in which he had never been before. Everything was very neat and clean, but also very poor and coarse. Upon a chair near the fire, hung his coat and pantaloons, while at a table in the middle of the room, a grave looking woman, of about thirty, was ironing his linen. Thomas made no noise, but lay silently examining his hostess. She looked respectable and intelligent, and—to use a very hackneyed phrase—like "one that had seen better days." The expression of her face was sad and grave.

After regarding her for some time, Thomas made a slight noise, which caused the woman to turn toward him.

"Good morning, sir," said she, sadly.

"Good morning, madam," returned Thomas, in some confusion. "Will you be kind enough to tell me how I came here, and where I am?"

"You are in my own room, sir, and my name is Sarah Smith, or as people generally call me 'Widow Smith.' I go out to work by the day, and as I came home last night, I found you lying in the street, not many steps from this place. The lamp shone full upon you, and I knew by the look of your face that you had not been used to it; for God help me, I have seen all the stages from the first glass," taken on our wedding day, to the time when I saw him in his coffin, a bloated miserable drunkard." And the widow wiped the tears from her eyes and went on. "And so I managed to get you into the house and put you into my own bed, for I was going to sit up with my neighbor's child, in the next room. And your clothes I have sponged and hung to the fire, and your shirt will be aired in another moment, and so I will leave you to dress yourself before you eat some breakfast, that I have there by the fire, keeping hot for you."

So saying, the kind woman left the room, and Thomas, rising from his bed, began slowly to put on his clothes. But suddenly the thought came into his head—where was his money? He had put it into his pocket on going out, the day before, by Mr. Green's advice, and now as he hurriedly felt in first one pocket, and then another, the conviction came upon his mind that it was lost, and that he was ruined.

Mechanically he finished dressing, and throwing himself into a chair, began to muse bitterly upon his prospects.

"I should not mind," said he, aloud, "my own thousand dollars—it is that which my father borrowed for me. Now, a part of the farm will have to be sold to pay it. And then I cannot marry this many a year. Perhaps Mary will have no more to say to me when she hears of this. How could I be so foolish as to trust that man? How could I forget all my good principles and all the good instructions I have had? I wonder if it was she that robbed me? It could not be this woman. Oh, no, she is too kind and good; and yet it would be a strong temptation to one in her circumstances."

At this moment the object of his thoughts entered the room and said:

"I forgot to tell you that I took your wallet of money and your other things out of your pocket and put them in my bureau drawer;" then opening that repository, the good woman produced the articles.

Thomas snatched the wallet from her hand, and eagerly counted the money. All was there, and the young man's heart swelled with joy at the averted calamity. He could not speak his gratitude, but silently pressing the woman's hand, and throwing a note of some value upon the table, he seized his hat and left the house.

He soon found his way back to the hotel, and his first inquiry was for Mr. Green; but he was told that the gentleman had that morning left the house in company with a constable, to answer for knocking down one of the policemen who had pursued him on the previous night. The first thing Thomas did, was to present his letter of introduction; and so well was his business forwarded by Mr. Simpson, that at the end of the week he left the city with all the goods he had expected to obtain, and several hundred dollars in his trunk.

Soon after arriving at home, Thomas carelessly inquired of his father if he had ever been acquainted with a Mr. Charles Green. The old gentleman answered in the negative; but it was not for two years afterward, when Thomas was well established as a merchant, and had his first child crowing and laughing upon his knee, that either the father or wife heard the account of his "*first night in the city*."—*Boston Traveller.*

Wit and Humor.

EPIGRAM ON MISS MEEK.

I love Alicia for the grace
That shapes her form, that moulds her face
For her dark eye and dimpled cheek,
But more than all, because she's *Meek*!
Why don't I wed her then, you cry?
Shall I be plain and tell you why?
Whate'er Alicia was before,
When married, she'll be *Meek* no more!

FROM TOBIN'S KNAPSACK.—Tobin tells the following anecdote of a countryman of his, named Barney. It is characteristic, very:

"Barney had served five years in the Infantry, and, after an honorable discharge, had re-shipped in the Dragoons. Barney was not a horseman, and the commanding officer was continually calling out:—'Barney, turn your toes *in*!' The men got hold of the words, and gave them to Barney as a *sobriquet*.

"One day, the commanding officer spoke to him as usual, and the men laughed. Barney grew savage, galloped out from the ranks, and cried, 'Liftinant, I want to come to an explination with you, I've been five years in the service, and all the time it was "Barney, turn your toes *out*," now it's all the time, "Barney, turn your toes *in*," what's the *reason*, Liftinant?'"

THE TALKING FISH.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase him a *fresh* fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger, observing him, and fearing the by-standers might catch the scent, exclaimed:—

"Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?"

"Me no smell your fish, massa."

"What are you doing then, sir?"

"Me talk to 'em, massa."

"And what do you say to the fish, my friend?"

"Me ask him what news at sea, dat's all, massa."

"And what does he say to you?"

"He says he don't know; he no been dare dese ten week."

OUR GALS WON'T LIE.—A witness being called to give testimony in a certain court Down-East, about a lost shirt, came to the point very abruptly, as follows:—"Mother said, that Sal said, that Polly said, that Bob told her, that she see a man, that see a boy, that seed a feller run through the street with a red striped flannel shirt, of a white color, all checker, checker—and our gals won't lie, for the old woman has *licked 'em a hundred times for lying*."

FACILITY OF RHYMING.—A punster one day observed that anything might be turned into rhyme, or doggrel; upon which a friend, pointing to a board in the street, upon which was painted the words, "This house to be sold," exclaimed, "Come, then, turn that into rhyme!" upon which the other, with infinite promptitude, redeemed his pledge, by writing, with chalk, on the board,—

This house to be
S O L D.

☞ "Have you dined?" said a lounger to his friend.

"I have, upon my honor," replied he.

"Then, rejoined the first, "if you have *dined upon your honor*, I fear you have made a scanty meal."

Anecdote.—Lord Kellie was, like his prototype, Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. A. B——, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humor, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not escape!—he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. B., being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur a forfeit. "One day," said he, in a pompous manner, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang; the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground.—When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, *as I now address your lordship*:—'Had it not been,' said he, '*for your long tongue, and your empty head*, I should have made my *escape*.'"

GOOD.—When the steamer Michigan was lying in Detroit on a trip down, a raw-boned hoosier entered the cabin, and confronting a large pier glass, which is framed and set something like a state room-door, carelessly addressed his reflected image with the inquiry—

"When's this boat goin' oout?"

Pending the answer, he leisurely cast his eyes around the cabin, surveying the accommodations, and receiving no response, he hailed again—

"I say, yoou, when 's this 'ere boat goin' oout?"

He received no response, but a loud guffaw from the chambermaid, who witnessed the scene, and indignantly turned on his heel, soliloquizing—"Sodable stuck up, that chap; needn't been quite so proud, for he didn't look as if he was worth any how!"

HALL'S OPINION OF A SERMON.—A conceited minister having once delivered a sermon in the hearing of Mr. Hall, pressed him, with a disgusting union of self-complacency and indelicacy, to state what he thought of the sermon. Mr. Hall remained silent for some time, hoping that his silence would be rightly interpreted; but this only caused the question to be pressed with greater earnestness. Mr. Hall at length said,—

"There was one very fine passage, sir."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Pray, sir, what was it?"

"Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry."

ON HAND.—A witness spoke several times, during his testimony, of occurrences about the time of his birth, when a surly judge interrupted him—

"Do you mean to say that you can relate occurrences at the time of your birth, from your own recollection?"

The laugh which began against the witness, turned upon the judge, as the former replied—

"Why, sir, I cannot exactly say that I remember every particular, but I can assure your honor that *I was there*!"

For the Gentlemen.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

FROM "PETER SCHENIL IN AMERICA."

Last October was a year, I arrived at New York with a cargo of teas from Canton; as soon as it was possible, I left the ship, and under the highest steam-pressure, set out for my little nook of a village, on the Hudson, where my whole stock of human hopes and affections lay invested in a wife and three children. It is singular, perhaps, but so it is, that I never have any dread that anything can happen to my family, till I get on soundings, and then I can neither sleep nor eat till I get into port, and have seen my owners, and found out it all is well at home. I had the happiness to learn that my family had been increased, by a fine boy, born one month after my departure. You may guess my impatience to see him. I sent off a letter announcing my arrival, and the day on which I should be at home. My welcome was as joyous as I could have wished it to be. The boy was a noble fellow, a year old, and as like me as two peas. These are bright days of sunshine, which repay a sailor for some of the storms of his ocean life, and of which his owners, though they get all the profits of the voyage, can't deprive him, though they would do so if they could—for they grudge every thing to their ship-masters.

After I had been at home three days, I returned to finish up the voyage with the owners, and haul up the ship. This done, I returned, bag and baggage, to my wife, to make a long stay at home. The opening of a sailor's boxes is always a matter of interest to captains' wives, and I had procured for myself all the presents Canton provides. Two pieces of rich silk for dresses, and a set of carved chessmen, and things of that sort. I saw a look of disappointment on my wife's face, but she said nothing; and so the matter passed off. But when Sunday morning came, my wife was exceedingly cross, and declared she wouldn't go to church, though she was as regular as the sexton; "for," said she, "I've nothing to wear." I thought it very odd, but said nothing, and, taking my little boy and girl, set off for church. Everybody was glad to see me, and I quite forgot all was not right at home, till I found my way back into my house. There my wife stood, ready to scold the children for muddying their shoes, and would have spanked them right on the spot, if I had not immediately interfered, with a good deal of firmness, in word and look. The children were undressed, and dinner served, and nothing on the table was cooked fit to eat. And so the week passed on. My coffee was thick as mud—my turkeys done to a crust, and I well knew the devil was about to be let loose; but for why, I couldn't guess. In the meanwhile, my wife's sister, who had been a sort of ship's cousin quartered upon me ever since my marriage, looked all the while as demure as a Connecticut deacon under the parish pulpit, and gave no sign to show me what all this was about.

On the next Sunday afternoon, as I was sitting with my wife and children, I heard a knock at the door, and called out, "Come in," and in came my old friend, Captain Thomas Bowline, and his wife, in all the splendors of a new rig. He had returned the week before me from Calcutta, and we were the only sea-faring men of the place, and though our wives were neighbors, it so happened that we had not been home, at the same time, for six years.

I was delighted to see them both, and my wife, I thought, was wonderfully cool, though exceedingly polite. I soon forgot all about her manner, in the pleasure of talking over our several fortunes since we last met—and as we had not met before, he having been absent from the village since my coming home, we had many things to talk over. They made a long call, and when they went away, my wife went up to her room, and I saw no more of her; for when tea was ready, she sent word down that she had a headache, and had gone to bed.

The next Sunday morning matters were no more pleasant aspect than they had done, and when the first church bell began to ring, my wife burst out into a flood of tears, and set off for her chamber. I followed her, and there she lay on the bed, in a regular fit of hysterics. When she came to herself, I asked: "Why, what on earth is all this about?" She rose, and putting her hands on my shoulders, looked me full in the face, and said,—"Captain Weathersfield, if you don't know, *you ought to know*," and I wilted down under her look, like a boy caught in the act of playing truant.

There are few men who, after a long voyage, could have stood such an appeal as this. I felt some rascal had been telling stories out of school, but, for the life of me, couldn't conceive what it could be. And then my wife went off again into another fit, worse than the first. I took off her shoes, and her feet were as cold as ice. As I rubbed them, I conjured up all the recollections of my voyage, and they were not half so pleasant as I could have wished them. But finding it impossible to restore my wife, I ran down stairs, leaving the doors all open behind me, to the kitchen, to make some mulled wine, and there was my wife's sister, with her demure face, which helped to irritate me no little. I called for wine and spices, and a porringer, and while it was heating, she began by saying: "She wished her sister knew how to treat a husband as he deserved to be treated—that if she was a wife, she should know how to prize a man who did everything a man could do to please her." I was in no humor to hear my wife abused, and so I burst out upon her in a rage, and told her "I believed she was a snake in the grass, and that I had rather have her sister than ten thousand such hypocrites as she was; that if there was any mischief made between me and my wife, I knew who to thank for it all." She lifted up her hand and said: "She believed all men were fools, and of all fools I was the greatest." This brought out a spirited altercation, in which I spoke my mind pretty plainly. As soon as I had heated the wine, I decanted it into a tumbler. My wife's sister had recommended hot vinegar, but I told her "I would leave the vinegar cruet all to herself; I know a better thing than that for my wife."

On my way up-stairs, I thought I heard my wife's footsteps about the chamber, but, on entering, I found her lying on the bed, crying in a very sensible way; so I found no difficulty in persuading her to drink the mulled wine, and then I set to work rubbing her feet again. She now began to sob, and to say, "She didn't deserve to have such a good husband—I was too good for her—nobody would love her—nobody ought to love her." I felt encouraged to leave rubbing her feet, and to take to rubbing her hands, and to kiss her, begging her to tell me "what was the matter." And then she fell to crying again, and sobbing; she said "she couldn't tell me, for I should hate her, and she deserved to be hated," and all that sort of thing. The more she decried herself, the more positive I became, and was at the point of making a clean breast, and asking her forgiveness; but, luckily, I did no such thing; for, after sobbing, the secret came out: "Captain Bowline had brought home his wife a cashmere shawl, and I had only brought her a silk dress." "Is that all?" I exclaimed, and kissed her as heartily as ever a woman was kissed before. And now 'twas my turn to complain, to tell her "how unkind she had been to keep me in such suspense all the while," and then came her turn to put her arms around my neck, and to kiss me, and beg to be forgiven. All which, I assure you, was a very agreeable winding up of this scene.

I was not long in discovering the whole secret of my wife's grievances. She thought I didn't love her as much as Captain Tom loved his wife, because I brought her China silks from Canton, instead of an India shawl; but I explained to her that cashmere shawls came from one part of the world, and silks from another; but these women believe shawls are made everywhere beyond the seas.

Every woman has her *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and my wife's was *Mrs. Tom Bowline*, and the thought of being outshone by her at church had caused all this commotion, now so happily ended in a clearing up shower. I told my wife her wishes should be gratified as soon as ever I had it in my power to do so, and intended that this should be done as soon as ever I could find a shawl to my mind.

By dinner time, my wife was dressed, and as we sat down to dinner, she looked as happy as a bride—and as for myself, I never was happier in my life. My wife's sister looked on with astonishment—and I was surprised to see, for the first time, that my wife spoke to her with a little tinge of sharpness. I had reason to believe afterwards, that my wife, hearing our loud talking, had come to the head of the stairs and overheard us. It was one of those few instances in which listeners hear good things of themselves; and resulted in my wife's sister finding the house too hot for her; so she married herself off to a saddler, and removed to Babylon.

But, to go on with my story, the next day my wife and I set out for New York, she to have her China silks made up; and as for myself, I really had no other business than to accompany her and buy a shawl, which should outshine Mrs. Tom Bowline's. Fortunately I found my old friend Briggs, of Salem, just in from Calcutta, with a half-dozen magnificent shawls, of which he allowed me to take my pick, at cost price, and a bill made out at any price I pleased to have affixed. So I modestly told him he might receipt a bill for one at seven hundred and fifty dollars, for which I paid him three hundred. This I had safely stowed away in my trunk as a coat I had been buying. I purchased, besides, a fine satin bonnet, with a plume that drooped down on her shoulder in the most bewitching style, and she was perfectly delighted with her visit. We remained in town a week, when her silks came home from the milliner's. Her dresses were just as she liked to have them—a most rare thing, I can tell you—and as to the bonnet, no language could express her admiration of it. And so we reached home on Saturday night, perfectly well pleased with everything in the house and out of it.

The next day was rather a bright, frosty day, and my wife, dressed in her beautiful bonnet and rich silk dress, certainly looked charming. She had a pretty fur cape on, and, with a sweet smile, said:

"Now, dear, let us go, for the bell is tolling."

"Why, my dear, where's your shawl?"

"Oh, I don't need a shawl to-day."

"But, love, just please me, and wear one."

She was, for an instant, a little displeased, but quelling the feeling, she ran up stairs, and there lay my splendid present on the bureau. She came running down with it on her arm, and throwing her arm around my neck burst into tears. As I knew these tears did her good, I let her cry them out—and as soon as they could be dried away, she put on her shawl, found it all right, and, though I say it, there never was a finer looking, nor a happier woman in the world than my wife at that moment.

We walked up to the head of the broad aisle, in presence of the whole congregation, to our pew next to the minister's, and it would have done your heart good to have heard her sweet, clear, ringing voice, making the responses; she seemed especially desirous that all the congregation should know what a miserable sinner she was, and how, "she had done the things she ought not to have done," and when the service was over, she had a kind word for every one; especially was she anxious for the health of Mrs. Bowline, and all her children; and on the church steps she lingered to speak to all our neighbors, high and low, far and near; so it was pretty well advertised, before we got home, that my wife had a splendid shawl, the prettiest bonnet, and the richest silk dress ever seen in that parish. As for poor Mrs. Tom Bowline, her dinner was spoilt for one day. Nor was she the only woman made miserable by my wife's finery. Many an old cloak and shawl, enough to last another winter, was now taken off with a feeling of absolute loathing; the wives of all the parish praised me up to their husbands as "such a kind man," "one who loves to see his wife look like somebody;" and the daughters teased their fathers for some new bonnets and shawls; so that I was abundantly abused on all hands by the men, for spending all my money on my wife's back; and when the secret leaked out what my wife's shawl cost—for I took care to hide Briggs' bill where my wife was sure to find it—the admiration of the women, and the contempt of the men, rose to the highest pitch. One thing is certain, never had the parish church worn such a fashionable air before, as it did that winter. Now (said the captain, with a thump on the table, which made the glasses dance,) there's my method of treating a woman with hysterics. And I will give you, sir, (addressing the Priest,) the exact proportions of spice to be put into a pint of wine, and in your next edition of conjugal love, I beg you will put it in as Captain Weathersfield's remedy. Women will sometimes be cross-grained—it can't be helped; but, instead of breaking up all relations of husband and wife, mother and child, the most terrible of all calamities, let everybody try my prescription, viz a *cashmere shawl*—and I pledge you my life it will work wonders. There need never be another divorce on that score—don't you think so?

Selected Articles.

MIRABEAU.

There have been men in particular ages, who might be considered as concentrating within themselves all their country's character—who represented, at the same time, both the good and evil traits. Themistocles was the very impersonation of all the virtues and vices of Athens, in his day. The moral *antithesis*, Alcibiades, was a still more remarkable compound of the manifold virtues, vices, foibles, &c., of this same Athens, at a later and more degenerate period. In looking over France, during the session of the National Assembly, we shall find the celebrated Mirabeau, without doubt, to be the *type-Frenchman* of that epoch; and if Louis XIV. could say, in his day, "*I am the nation!*" Mirabeau could say, in his latter days, with more truth, "*I am the National Assembly!*"

This extraordinary man had been born among the nobility, and been maltreated. He had experienced every kind of tyranny from his very birth—that of his own father, of the government, and of the tribunals. He was thus trained to despise the government, and the upper class of French society. He had seen all manner of men, from drill sergeants to prime ministers, from his inmates of the jails of Pontarlier to princes and kings. He had made himself notorious by his dissolute manners, and his quarrels. Thiers speaks of him as frightful with ugliness and genius; yet no man had more *amours*, or was so successful in them. His character was so low, at the meeting of the states general, that there was a murmur in the Assembly when he first entered to take his seat. But, no sooner did this eccentric man appear in the tribune, that his power became manifest.

He was immeasurably superior to every mind with which he came in contact in the Assembly. He had, in fact, no second—it was *Eclipse first and the rest nowhere*. From the member that was barely tolerated, he soon became the member that was gazed upon by every eye, and courted by every order. Proud of his high qualities, and jesting over his vices, by turns haughty and supple, he won some by his flattery, awed others by his sarcasms, and led all in his train by the extraordinary influence of his oratory. Of the Abbe Maury, the leader of the *cote droit*, he used to say, "When he is on the right side, we debate; when he is on the wrong, I crush him." His sarcasm, irony, originality, were so great, that everybody was afraid of him in the tribune. The aristocracy at last, not being able to meet him in debate, made an effort to get rid of him by duel. Many sent him challenges, but he always refused, merely noting down their names in his pocket-book. "It is not fair," said he, in regard to one of his opponents, "to expose a man of talent like me, against a blockhead like him." What is very extraordinary in such a country as France, this conduct did not bring him into contempt, or even cause his courage to be doubted. There was something so martial in his mind, so bold in his manner, that no one could impute cowardice to him. He made partisans every where—among the people—in the very court—and, to crown the measure of his greatness, as soon as he learned the secret of his power, and saw the career that was opened to him, he suddenly became one of the hardest working men who have ever appeared on the stage of action. "If I had not lived with him," says Dumont, "I should never have known what a man can make of one day." A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others. The mass of things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing, not a moment was lost. The fact is, that he at last, tough as was his physical frame, over worked himself, and died from fever generated by his excessive labors.—*Southern Quarterly Review.*

☞ When we think of death, a thousand sins, which we have trodden as worms beneath our feet, rise up against us as flaming serpents.

WASTED WEALTH.

Writers on political economy have sometimes tasked their ingenuity to show that an increase of the earth's population unaccompanied by extraordinary hindrances, such as war, pestilence and famine, would soon exceed the physical capacity of the earth to sustain it.

Our philosophy, instead of watching with apprehension the increase of the earth's population, would rather concern itself with the world's undeveloped and wasted wealth. There is a degree of waste at all times, which, if remedied, would not only relieve the wants and miseries of the present generation, but supply also the probable increase of the generations that are to succeed us.

In the first place, we think of the vast multitude of able-bodied, sound-minded men, who are unemployed in any useful productive occupation—men who are constantly assisting to consume, but never aiding to produce, any portion of the world's wealth. As labor is the foundation of wealth, the amount of the latter will never correspond with the degree of the former. There will be so much food as men labor to cultivate and gather, and no more. There will be no more dwellings for men to live in than human labor erects—and so of every other thing that constitutes this world's wealth.—The unemployed, non producing portions of mankind, are not so many idle machines, which, if they produce nothing, consume nothing. On the contrary, the unemployed of the human family consume as much as the employed, and help to diminish the common stock of the world's wealth.—If the surplus wealth, over and above the own wants of the producers, be small, and the unemployed consumers of that surplus be numerous, then of course come want, poverty, distress.

This is our present condition. Large numbers are living on the labors of others, and at the same time produce nothing. Look, for example, at the standing armies of the world, or of Europe. Look at England; several hundreds of thousands of sound, able bodied men are taken from the plough, the workshop, the factory, where they are usefully employed as active producers, and are kept in a situation where they consume as much or more than ever, while they make not a single blade of grain or grass to grow, nor in any other mode do they contribute to increase the property or wealth of the country. So it is in Russia, in Austria, in Prussia, in France—in all, several millions of men shut up in the armies and navies of Europe, and doing absolutely nothing but performing certain military evolutions.

Think again of the multitude of idlers and non-producers in fashionable life in all countries—think of the tens of thousands, the millions, perhaps, who, from the cradle to the grave, never perform an useful service, simply because they are not compelled to. And then think of the multitudes more, idlers of the field, idlers of the workshop, idlers of the tavern, of the village, of the city; number them, if any arithmetic will do it, and say what deduction must be made from the world's wealth on their account.

The unemployed are not alone in draining off the results of skill and labor. As if their influence went not far enough, they are joined and aided by all the misemployed—by those of every name and sort whose mission is to destroy, to lay waste; in which category and bad company one cannot help placing the Alexanders, and Cæsars, and Napoleons, great and little, whose trade has been war, and whose glory takes its measure from the extent of territory blackened and blasted, the lives sacrificed, and the amount of mischief accomplished.—When we think how often the ploughshare of ruin has been driven over the earth, and recall the history of desolation, mischief and death, inflicted not by internal, but human agency, is it to be wondered at that this world is comparatively poverty-stricken? What if all the destroyers of human prosperity had been as actively employed in developing the earth's resources—in accumulating wealth—in building railroads and canals—in reclaiming waste lands, and fertilizing desert places—in improving the arts and sciences, and in cultivating the human heart and intellect. If such had been the history of the past, how glorious and grand would have been the development for the present generation to enjoy! How impoverished and crippled are we at this day, in comparison with what society might have grown up to, under a wise, industrious, peaceful culture of preceding generations? And instead of wondering that there is want and wretchedness among us, it is rather to be wondered at that there is any thing else left of us.

But there is yet another view of the waste of wealth long in progress. Those who are willing and anxious to gather up the wealth with which the bosom of the earth is teeming, are forbidden. Look at England. There are lands which, if properly cultivated, would yield enough for all the inhabitants; and there are hands enough that would rejoice in the permission to till them. But aristocracy forbids it—aristocracy must have deer-parks and extensive hunting grounds for its pleasures of the chase; and the wealth of the soil must, for this, be wasted. So it is elsewhere—the soil is monopolized, and honest labor forbidden to improve it. No wonder there is want, and misery, and grinding penury; not that the earth is niggard of its gifts, but that their development is forbidden to the hand of labor. May a better philosophy speedily prevail!

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE WEE LITTLE THING.

BY HON. ROBT. M. CHARLTON.

There's a wee little thing in this world of ours,
And it moveth and moveth the live-long day,
And tho' the sun shines, and tho' the storm lowers,
It chattereth on with its ceaseless lay.
Over peasant and king
Its spell it hath flung,
That dear little thing
A lady's tongue!

There's a wee little thing in this world of ours,
And it throbbeth and throbbeth the live-long day
And in palace halls, and in lowly bowers,
It holdeth alike its potent sway;
Bright joy can it bring,
Or deep sorrow impart,
That dear little thing,
A lady's heart!

There's a wee little thing in this world of ours,
And it sparkleth and sparkleth the live-long day;
No dew drop that hangs on the morning flowers,
Is so beaming and bright as its beauteous ray;
No skill can we bring
That its shaft can defy,
That dear little thing,
A lady's eye!

There are many charms in this world of ours,
That cluster and shine over life's long day;
The wealth of the mine, and the statesman's powers,
And the laurels won in the bloody fray;
No spell can they fling
That my bosom can move
Like that witching thing,
A lady's love!

HON. FELIX M'CONNELL AND THE BIBLE.

Poor McConnell! He was gifted by nature both in body and mind; brave, generous, honorable, affectionate and faithful. There is a vice which, as the canker worm, fastens upon the richest fruit, destroys the noblest natures. It made him a madman, and laid him in a grave which his own right hand had reddened. Yet, living, with all his excesses, there were bursts of his better nature breaking through the darkness, which forced men to love him; and, dying, no one remembered that there was anything to condemn.

The demon of the cup was never more a demon than when he overcame McConnell, a man rich in home affections and home virtues—without which all more expanded and boastful merits are nothing, for, unless the centre is certain, the circumference of human excellence is dubious and worthless. Shortly before his death, an incident occurred, which was related to us by a gentleman casually present at the time, which we think worthy the space in which it will be recorded. We recognise and bow to the rule *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and narrate the incident because we believe it to be honorable to the unfortunate man who was the principal actor.

McConnell, then a member of Congress, stood at the bar of one of the principal hotels in Washington. Beside him, and drinking with him, was one who, without a virtue or a generous feeling, had enjoyed all the advantages of exalted family and great wealth—advantages which his innate and ungovernable vices had, to a great extent, forfeited. He was shunned by the good; but McConnell had long since left the choice of his companions to chance, and then chance was generally untoward. The individual referred to, spoke of the Bible; sneered at its authority, ridiculed its injunctions, and repeated its most sacred passages with ribald comments. McConnell, who had been all excitement and exhilaration, stood silently and sadly by without a word of remark. The blasphemer continued in language more and more offensive; and it was remarked that the eye of McConnell flashed with an unwonted fire, and that his cheek flushed even with a deeper glow than that which dissipation had fixed there. At length he stepped forward and said:

"Stop, my friend. From the moment I first looked into your face, I feared that you were a scoundrel, for God had set the mark of Cain upon your forehead. I now know it. I am a bad man—a lost man—a man, every moment of whose life upbraids him. But I have one green spot still left in my heart—I love my wife, and my wife loves the Bible. I believe in what my wife believes, and her faith is in her Bible. It has made her an angel upon earth, it must be true; the man who derides it, insults her; and I will hold that man accountable, unto the death, for the wrong."

It is needless to add that the wretch shrunk away from this unexpected burst of feeling; and was not known afterwards to hazard the experiment of assailing the Bible in a crowded bar-room.—*City Item.*

☞ One of the youngsters in our public schools compares the word "fat," as follows: "fat, fatter, fatterer."

☞ There are 9,500 known species of fish, 44,000 of insects, and 700 of reptiles.

THE MARKET FOR SELLING YOUNG WOMEN IN HUNGARY.

Every year at the feast of St. Peter, which comes on in the latter days of June, the peasantry of this district (Bihar) meet together at a certain place for the purpose of a general fair. This fair has a very peculiar interest for the young men and the young maidens, for it is there that, whilst purchasing household utensils and family necessaries, they choose for themselves partners, and conclude marriages. The parents bring there their grown up daughters, with each one her little dower accompanying her, loaded up in a small cart. This dower is, of course, proportionate to the lowly condition of these mountaineers—some sheep, sometimes a few hogs or even chickens. These girls are attired in their best, or what pieces of gold or silver coin they may possess, is strung upon a string and neatly attached to the braids of their hair.

Thus fitted out, every girl who desires to find a husband betakes herself to the fair. She quits the house of her father, perhaps forever, and bids her mother adieu, quite ignorant of what roof is to shelter her or what fate awaits her at the journey's end. As to her fortune, it is in the little cart that attends her. The object of her journey is never mistaken, nobody wonders at it, nor is there occasion for a public officer to make record of the deed. On the other hand, the youths who wish to procure themselves wives, hasten to the fair arrayed in the very best skin garments their chest contained. These savage-looking chaps, who would be quite enough to make our young ladies run and hide themselves, posted, with a good deal of personal interest and zest, to inspect the *fair* mountain lasses that are brought thither by their fathers and their uncles, casting many side glances and wistful looks towards the captivating merchandize. He gives his fancy a free rein, and when he finds one that seems to claim his preference, he at once addresses the parents, asks what they have given her, and asks what price they have set upon the "lot" so exposed for sale—at the same time stating his own property and standing. If the parents ask too much, these gallant "boys" make their own offer, which, if it does not suit the other to agree to, the fond lover passes on to seek for some one else.

We may suppose that the *prudent* young man always keep a "top eye" open to the correspondence of loveliness upon the one hand and the size of the dower upon the other. At last he finds one for whom he is willing to give the price, and a loud clapping of the hands together announces to the bystanders that the bargain is complete. What a terrible blow this must be for some lady rival who has not decided quick enough, who is halting and considering whether she will suit him, and whether she is as lovely and as accomplished in household matters as some of the others. However, the deed is done and the bargain is completed, and forthwith the young girl (poor thing!) proceeds also to clasp the hand of her future husband. What a moment of interest and anxiety to her! The destiny of her life was sealed by this rude clasp of the hand. In this act she as much as said, "Yes, I will be yours for life, and I consent to partake of your joys and your troubles, to follow you through weal and through woe!"

The families of the "betrothed" pair then surround them, offering their congratulations, and at once, without delay, the Priest, who is upon the ground for the occasion, pronounces the nuptial benediction. Then comes the moment of separation. The young woman presses the parting hand of that family who has reared her, but of which she is no longer a part—mounts the cart of her new husband, whom but a few hours before she never so much as knew, and escorted by her dower, is conducted to the house thenceforward to be her home.

The Hungarian Government has long tried, but in vain, to suppress these fairs for young girls. Positive orders have been given, that they should no longer take place, but such is the force of long established custom, united to the necessities of this pastoral race, that all such orders have been disregarded. The fair still continues, and every year such cavalcades as we have described may be seen descending into the plains of Kalinasa, there to barter off these precious jewels of the household tree as though they were senseless beeves or mere produce of the soil.

REMARKABLE EXPLOSION OF GAS.

An extraordinary explosion of inflammable gas occurred in London on the 7th ult., occasioning the loss of one or two lives, serious injury to several other persons, and great destruction of property. The explosion took place in a building occupied both as a shop and dwelling house. A strong smell of gas had been experienced on the premises for several days; and the pipes had been examined without discovering the cause. On the night of the explosion the smell was observed to be stronger than before. On the night of the 7th ult., after the shop, where the gas was used, had been some time closed, an inmate of the house had occasion to go into the shop, and immediately upon the door being opened the explosion took place. There were three persons in the house, two of whom, a man and woman, were blown across the parlor back of the shop, through the window into the garden; the other, a woman, being blown completely across the street, striking an iron fence so violently as to break it in several places, and injuring herself so much that death ensued the next day. A man who was passing the street in a cart was thrown from his vehicle and severely injured. The house was completely demolished—chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture, as well as bricks, being thrown across the street and into neighboring houses and shops, even to a distance of two hundred feet. The floorings of the adjoining houses were lifted up—the walls shattered to the foundation, and the furniture hurled into the street. The inmates of several houses opposite were struck by bricks which entered their premises, and great numbers of windows were broken. The house where the accident occurred took fire immediately after the explosion, so that what was not instantly destroyed was subsequently consumed. The extent of the injury occasioned by the disaster, as stated in the minute accounts of the London papers, was almost incredible. One hundred houses are said to have been more or less damaged; and upwards of two thousand squares of glass broken! Thirty houses on the opposite of the street, and about a dozen on each side of the scene of the accident, were shattered considerably. The moment at which the accident took place was marked by several clocks in the neighborhood, which were stopped by the concussion.

EARLY RISING.—Some one thus holds forth about early rising: "I was always an early riser—happy the man who is! Every morning, day comes to him like a woman's love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called old so long as he is an early *walker*. And oh, youth!—take my word of it—youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dews sparkle upon the blossoming hedgerow."

☞ Experiments in raising cream seem to warrant the opinion that cream is cast up in greater quantity when not placed in very shallow vessels.

Science and Art.

INDURATING BUILDING MATERIALS.

Among the extraordinary discoveries of the present day, by which materials of the most humble pretensions in works of art are rendered of the utmost utility—the most refractory substances made to bend to the power of scientific research, and many productions, which have for ages been thrown away as useless, brought into most extensive usefulness—we know of none by which a more extraordinary, not to say magical metamorphosis is effected, than the operation patented by Mr. William Hutchinson, by which plaster of Paris, Bath, Caen, and other soft stone, chalk, wood, pasteboard, and in fact, any other material is rendered hard as metal, receiving the most brilliant polish, and made absolutely imperishable from atmospheric action, vermin, &c. The purposes to which this patent can be applied are innumerable. The first idea of the patentee was the induration of the softer and more common, and almost useless stones for the purpose of paving; but so ample was his success, that he soon took a loftier view; and has rendered the operation, not only applicable to all common purposes for which stones and slates are used in building—such as paving, both internal and external, window-sills, fittings of dairies, &c.—but now applies the operation to all the higher works of art. Plaster of Paris casts, of the most elaborate designs, in busts, relievos, architectural ornaments, fonts, and ornamental flooring for churches, trelliswork for balconies, ornamental inkstands, &c., are rendered imperishable by the operation of the elements, and hard and tough as metal. Sculptors who may so choose, may work in Bath or Caen stone, or even chalk, and the production will be rendered superior to marble, and in all these operations the finest edges of the cuttings are preserved, and not a chisel mark is lost.

In inspecting specimens of Mr. H.'s work, we were shown a slab, of soft sandstone, from Tonbridge Wells—so soft, that it might be rubbed into powder by the hand—rendered hard as granite, and rung like a bell; numerous plaster of Paris ornaments and busts, metamorphosed into bronze, granite, and parti-colored marbles—drain, water and gas pipes, made from Bath stone, chalk, or paper, hard as granite, and polished internally like marble; in fact, the results of the operations are most extraordinary. The water-pipes, and prepared sheets for roofing, will be found most economical, both in first cost and in wear and tear—in fact, they can be rendered at a cost, which comes far below any other description of material which has yet been introduced for these purposes; the sheets would also be highly applicable for railways, and many other public engineering uses.—*London Mining Journal.*

For the Young.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

A SHETLAND TALE.

It was in the month of March, in the year lately past, that a group of little children of one family were abroad enjoying the cheerful sights and sounds of spring. The scenery was bleak and bare; there were no trees, for it was in one of the lonely Shetland isles; but there were green fields, and the glorious sunshine, and the ever-varying magnificent ocean. The cottagers were all engaged with their field labors; the ploughman was guiding the light plough, drawn by two staid, sagacious oxen; flocks of the sea maw (or herring-gull) attended the laborers, either to pick up the worms that the newly-turned earth brought to light, or the seeds which the harrow had left on the surface; a young calf and a pet lamb were gambolling with the children, occasionally bleating at one little girl of the number, who was accustomed to give them their mid day draught of new milk; yet when Mary told them softly and soothingly that "the cows were not milked yet," they only licked their lips and butted against her more obstreperously than ever.

Two of the children were very fond of all sorts of animals, and we like not to see a child who is not. Their papa and elder brothers had taught them how to mark the flight and recognise the note of all the birds they saw, and thus they knew more of ornithology than most young persons of their years. Having run about till they were tired, they threw themselves beside baby on the soft grass, and began to pick for her the early daisies.

"Oh, look, Mary!" cried David, who was six years old, "there is the eagle again! Oh, my chickens!"

"No, no, David," answered his sister (she was eleven,) "it is not the eagle, but it is a very large bird indeed; there are more than one, a flock of swans, I do believe! Is it not, mamma?"

Mamma. Yes, my dear, and a beautiful sight it is. They come nearer. Hark to their cheerful inspiriting cry!

David. Where are they going? How fast and high they fly!

Mamma. They are winging their way over the trackless ocean to the lakes of the icy north, for the purpose of bringing forth their young in those unmolested solitudes.

Charles. How can they find their way?

Mamma. Can you tell, Mary?

Mary. "The God of nature is their secret guide," as I learned a few days ago.

Mamma. Very true, my love. It is all the answer a child, a Christian, a poet, or a philosopher can give; and it is sufficient. Yes, it is delightful to think that these magnificent birds, already disappearing from our gaze, are under the guidance and protection of their Almighty Maker during their long and apparently pathless journey, and will ere long be engaged in the interesting and no doubt grateful occupation of rearing their progeny, with whom in autumn they will retrace their way to the genial climate from whence they have now come.

The swans were now no longer to be seen; but the sound of the lark suddenly broke on the children's ears. It was the first of the season, and Mary joyfully exclaimed,

"The lark! the lark!—she will seldom allow us to see her, but how sweet her song!"

"You like the lark because papa likes it best," slyly observed David.

Mary. And why not, Davie? It is so sweet and innocent a creature, and sings so cheerfully.

David. Well, now, of all birds, I like one we seldom see here—the robin red-breast.

Mary. And why may that be, Davie?

David (*after an emphatic pause*). Have you forgot the babes in the wood?

Mary. No, I have not: but what then?

David. What then! Why did not the robins cover the poor little children, so that the vile, hideous ravens might not pick their flesh?

Mary. And what harm now could that have done them? They could not know or feel it when they were dead.

Now was little Davie fairly nonplussed; but he never liked to be defeated in argument, and he thought awhile ere he could consent to give it up. Yet could he do no better than manfully hold to his point.

David. Still I think the robins are the very best of all birds, and the ravens the worst.

Mamma here interposed. "Now tell me, David," she said, "why you dislike the ravens?"

Master David was eloquent enough now.—"Don't they carry off my chickens? How many goslings did they take last year? Did not they attack papa's poor old pony in the field, and pick out his eyes, so that he had to be shot?—and only think of the one that fought with the black hen, and tore the piece from her breast, while she defended her chickens."

Mamma. All these are serious charges, my boy, and I don't wonder you are a little resentful; but let us consider the matter a very little. The raven, like many other creatures, was intended by the Creator to live, not upon fruits and seeds, but on the flesh of animals; they are therefore called beasts of prey.

David. But why did God make them so?

Mamma. We have no right to ask such questions. It ought to be enough for us to know that the Maker and "Judge of the earth cannot but do right." And yet we *can* see one reason, which is, that some tribes of animals would multiply too fast, and become so numerous that the earth could not bring forth herb sufficient for all. I may just tell you further, David, that the raven, when tamed, as he easily is when young, is exceedingly sagacious, affectionate and gentle, as I have proved myself; and therefore we must not dislike or despise him because he follows, when wild, only the propensities with which the Author and Giver of all good has endowed him.

Charles. But it cannot be *wrong* surely, mamma, for Davie to prefer the robin to the raven?

Mamma. Not wrong certainly. It is rather an amiable feeling which has caused young readers of "The Babes in the Wood," to contract so great a favor for the robin. Some have doubted if it was possible for these babes, supposing the incident were true, to be preserved while dead from the attacks of the wild animals which abound in all woods and other lonely situations; but I can tell an anecdote of actual life which shows that such things occasionally happen, though we cannot well say how.

"Pray tell it to us, dear mamma," cried all the children.

Mamma. Not now, my dears: the calf must now be fed, Mary, and baby has been out long enough; but if you will remind me in the evening, I will relate it.

After tea, accordingly (that sweet, snug hour of domestic enjoyment, which none prize more than the retired Shetland families), the young group gathered around their mother. Ere the words were spoken, she understood the pleading expectant looks, and related the following anecdote:—

"It is now a good many years ago, though perfectly within my recollection, that a number of persons, fifteen or twenty, I think, went to Lerwick in a large boat from this island to exchange, as you know is usual, their hose, butter, feathers, &c., for other articles they stood in need of.—There were a bride and bridegroom, who went to purchase necessaries for their approaching wedding; there were also husbands and wives, and several young women, besides the boatmen. Having finished their business in the town, they were about to return, when a man and his wife, with several children, who had been long absent, asked, and obtained permission to share their passage. They left Lerwick on a fine winter day; Christmas was near at hand; and they were all anxious to reach their homes, that they might 'make merry and be glad' with their friends on the fruits of their honest industry. The boat was heavily laden, but the sea was smooth and the light wind favorable.

"One of the men had a fiddle, and they beguiled their ten hours' sail with music and innocent mirth; so at least was it reported. Evening came; they had reached the shores of the island they were bound for, and had only to turn one point of land ere they would be in the snug harbor they sought. Alas, alas, my children, they never reached that harbor! *Not one* appeared to tell the sad tale!

"Their friends were under no apprehensions at their non-appearance for several days, so fine was the weather. They supposed that something had occurred to detain them; but by the arrival of some other persons, it was found that they had left the town early on the morning of the fatal day. Then some individuals (who lived near to the shore the boat had to pass) recollected that about eight o'clock that evening they heard, as it were, distant cries, but had no suspicion at the time whence they came; nor, if they had, could they have rendered any assistance from that lonely spot.

"There was—there is—a dangerous sunken rock on the coast, and search was made along the beach in that direction, when they found some pieces of the boat, and light trunks and packages, which too truly told the fate of the hapless little barque. But what farther was found do you suppose? *Not* a body washed on shore; for the wind had since blown off the land, and carried all out to sea except a very few light articles the tide had at first wafted in. But there *was* found above the high-water mark, seated on a stone, leaning up along the overhanging rock, a little child of three years old! Its head rested on one hand; a piece of bread was in the other, which lay in its lap. It was comfortably wrapped up, and its countenance placid as asleep; but of course it was dead! How came it there? Did it linger long, or were its sufferings short? Oh! who can tell? But it was conjectured that as the father was an excellent swimmer, when the accident happened, he had gained the shore with this his favorite child (who when they left the town, had been seated on his knee), and having placed it, as he deemed, in safety, he had returned to try to save some more of his family, and had *perished with them all*!

"Oh what pangs must have rent that poor parent's heart—how thrilling the fate of that innocent child! Imagination lingers to ask—Did it die of cold and woe, or terror? or did it fall gently asleep, or more probably it was, in its father's arms, when the rude shock and rushing waters awaked it but for once more? There it was, however, after an interval of five or six days, uninjured by wild animals, as if it had been watched by the eye of Omnipotence, until it should evoke from us the feeling due to so piteous a tragedy."

When mamma had concluded, the attentive young auditors were too deeply affected to ask any questions or make any remarks. They were not, however, without that chastisement of the spirit which is derived from such incidents.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 12, 7, is what all come to.
My 2, 4, 12, is a color of a horse.
My 6, 9, 5, 10, 1, is done for amusement.
My 3, 8 9, 2, is a pleasant drink.
My 12 8, 3, is a nickname.
My 5, 11, 2, is what a sleepy person is apt to do.
My whole is a publisher of one of our Weekly Papers. HELEN.

CHARADES.

1

When about friends I fain would see,
A cent within my first, give me,
And speeding swift o'er hill and plain,
I soon am with the loved again.

My next is fondled and caressed,
Oft rock'd in beauty's arms to rest;
Or with its fund of mirth and play,
Whiling the lonely hours away.

In days of yore, my whole I ween,
Was needless thought and seldom seen;
But now, e'en in the peasant's cot,
You scarce may go and find it not.
E C L.

2

My first some men will often take
Entirely for my second's sake;
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear.

RIDDLE.

I am taken from a mine; shut up in a wooden case from which I am never released, and yet I am used by almost everybody.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

If 90 pence make 1 dollar, and 4 pounds of bread bring 9 pence, and 8 pounds of flour yield 3 loaves of bread, and 12 loaves of bread weigh 20 pounds, and 1 bushel of wheat gives 40 pounds of flour, and 100 sheaves yield 6 bushels of wheat, and a field of 5 acres gives 310 sheaves from each acre, and the thresher takes the 15 bushels, the miller the bran, and the baker the 10th loaf of bread, what will the crop of said field amount to in real Federal cash. D. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter A like the meridian?
Ans—Because it's the middle of day.

☞ What word is that in the English language of five letters which, by adding two becomes shorter?
Ans.—Short.

☞ What is that which unites two but only touches one?
Ans.—A Ring.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
"Give me Liberty or Death."
CHARADE—Leg-horn.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
One mile 1,424 yards.

The Olio.

HABITS OF LIFE OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

It is a fact worthy of note, that out of all those whose names are recorded upon the monuments of the Congressional Cemetery, by far the greater proportion died either by complaints which they brought with them to Washington, or which were caused by their imprudent and irregular habits of life. Indeed, it is a wonder that more do not die, when we consider how entirely their usual course of living is changed. Nothing can be more irregular than the life of a member of Congress. He goes to the Capitol at ten o'clock, is engaged upon committees until twelve, and then passes through the damp passages of that huge mass of stone into the over-heated halls of the Senate or House.—Here he remains four, six, or perhaps twelve hours—and, if he is desirous of being present at every call of the yeas and nays, his lunch or dinner must be postponed accordingly; and perhaps that meal will eventually be taken by candle light, upon invitation, after which the remainder of an evening is spent out at a party. It is obvious what an effect these irregular hours, and the constant display before him of all the luxuries of the season, with wines and liquors, must have upon a man who has always been accustomed, at his village home, to dine at one upon a simple dish. No wonder that dyspepsia prevails. But this is not all. If at all inclined to dissipation an easy and pleasant road is opened to him; and not a few there are who walk therein. Every one who has lived in Washington for the last few years, and paid much attention to these matters, will remember many most glaring cases of this kind for which the climate has been blamed by friends at a distance.

On the other hand the place has become a favorite residence to many as being favorable to health.—*Varnum's Notes on the Seat of Government.*

DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.—There is a story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She indulged herself in this habit until it had increased so much upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the Book of Life. He disappeared, but replied upon returning, that he could not find it. "Oh," she said, "do look again; it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, it is not there! "Oh," said she, in agony, "it must be there; I have the assurance it is there! Do look again!" The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!" The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

LEAP-FROG.—I must relate the circumstances of my first introduction to the learned professor Cramer, since they were truly original. He had a country-house in the suburbs, and when I called to pay my respects, I was told I should find him in his garden. I heard the sound of laughter and merry voices as I approached, and saw an elderly gentleman bent forwards in the middle of a walk, while several boys were playing leap-frog over him; a lady who stood by him said, as soon as she perceived me, "Cramer, Steffens is there." "Well," he said, without moving, "leap, then." I was delighted with the new mode of introduction to a man of science, took my leap clean over him, and then turned round to make my bow and compliments. He was delighted, and as my good leap also won the hearts of the young people, I was at once admitted as an acquaintance in the happy circle. Notwithstanding this quaint reception, Cramer was a man of deep reflection, with all the quiet manner of a true philosopher.—*Steffens' Adventures.*

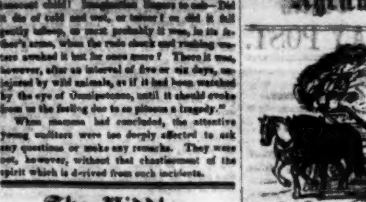
DEVONSHIRE BUTTER.—The Gardener's Chronicle says that the way excellent Devonshire butter is made, is as follows:—

Scald your cream in a zinc pan, over a charcoal fire, but do not let it boil. When the cream is cold, say the next morning, take it off with the hand. Put the cream into a wide wooden bowl, stir it with the hand for ten or fifteen minutes, and the butter will be the same as out of a churn, and to be dealt with the same. A cow that will make one pound of butter per day, that is, seven pounds a week, if the cream is scalded, will make nine pounds in the seven days. Great care must be taken not to let any dust rest upon the cream.

CRANBERRIES A CURE FOR CANCER.—We have seen it stated more than once, that the common cranberry was efficacious in the cure of cancer, but have never, until very recently, been an eye-witness to the fact. Mr. Middleton Belk, residing within four or five miles of this city, who was afflicted with a cancer on the nose for the last eight years, was induced to try cranberries, applied as a poultice, and, to his great joy and satisfaction, has experienced a perfect and radical cure. We mention this fact at the instance of Mr. Belk, who is desirous that others, suffering under the same affliction, may avail themselves of this simple but valuable remedy.—*Tuscaloosa Observer.*

SILVERING GLASS.—A new, easy, and we believe, cheap process of silvering glass has just been patented by Mr. Drayton, of No. 310 Regent street. This new method will entirely do away with the old, injurious and dilatory process of silvering by mercury and tin. Nor is this its only advantage. The silvering is richer in its texture than that produced by the old process; and it may be touched with the finger, and still left untarnished. This important improvement is produced by a solution of nitrate of silver in water and spirit, mixed with ammonia and the oils of cassia and of cloves. Some of the glass thus silvered is very beautiful.—*Athenæum.*

Agricultural.



AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

SMALL POX IN SHEEP.—A disease called *variola ovina*, or sheep pox, has appeared in many flocks in England, and already occasioned great loss. It is said to be both infectious and contagious. The diseased sheep are affected with ulcers, resembling the cows produced by small pox in man. The English veterinarians are giving the closest attention to the disease.

RECLAIMING WORN-OUT LANDS.—A correspondent at Manchester, Ct., whose signature is J. P. F., states that he brought a tract of land which had been considered nearly worthless. He expended in hauling peat on it, and for one thousand bushels of ashes, about five hundred dollars, and he states that the fall feed, last season, was worth the interest of the outlay, and that the prospect the present season is more favorable, affording good encouragement for the improvement of Connecticut worn-out lands.

LANDS IN MARYLAND.—There is a vast amount of land here in Baltimore county, which has been exhausted by the culture of tobacco very many years since, and which has been lying out for half a century—a great deal of which may be purchased very cheaply. No land, perhaps, in the world answers so well and so promptly to a little manure as this. I have seen an old field, which was nearly bare of herbage, enclosed and dressed with about two hundred pounds of guano, produce a good crop of wheat. I have such an one this season in oats, upon which I sowed, at the time of sowing my oats, one hundred pounds Peruvian guano per acre, and better oats are not often to be seen. You have many enterprising young married men who might purchase a farm here, perhaps, who would have to toil at home for many years to do so. They can purchase land at very low prices, and by paying a small part of the purchase money, in many instances get long credit for the balance. There is very little of this land which is not very easily improved, especially the isinglass (micaceous) soil. Yours, &c. W. B. HAMILTON.
Long Green, Md., July 8, 1848.

INFLUENCE OF THE GRAFT.—Dr. Kirtland says, "a graft of the Green Newtown Pippin will invariably render the fruit rough and black, (the habit of the variety,) within three years after its insertion."

CHANGING THE BEARING YEAR OF AN APPLE TREE.—B. Manning, of Salem, with several hours' labor, cut off all the blossoms from a Baldwin apple tree, in the spring of its bearing year. The consequence was, the bearing year was completely changed, the bearing years have become fruitful, and vice versa.

LARGE PEACHES.—The Ohio Cultivator states, that very large peaches were exhibited at the Fair of the Columbus Horticultural Society—one measuring a foot in circumference (about four inches through,) and weighing fourteen ounces. We believe the largest peach on authentic record, is that stated on the authority of George Lindley, in his "Guide to the Orchard," which was fourteen inches in circumference. It had received the highest culture on a wall.

THE CIRCLE OF FRUITS.

Are our farmers,—or such of them as have abundant means for this purpose,—supplied with good fruit during the whole twelve months? Is there any one commodity, more calculated to increase the pleasures of the country, and to render home attractive to young people, than fine, ripe, fresh fruit, of one's own raising, during the entire season?

Many have adopted a very erroneous opinion, and suppose the "fruit season" to be a small portion of the year. A good selection would extend the period of actual bearing and ripening in the open air, to nearly six months; and such kinds as possess keeping properties, if in sufficient quantity, would supply the other six. The first fruits ripen, even so far North as Albany and Rochester, by the first day of summer, and two weeks earlier at Philadelphia and New York. Three varieties of the cherry—the Early May, May Bigarreau, and Early Purple Guigne—mature simultaneously with the Duke of Kent and Large Early Scarlet Strawberries; a host of other fine varieties of both these kinds immediately succeed them. Currants and Raspberries soon join the list, the Primordian Plum, the Amire Joannet and Madeleine Pears, and several delicious Apricots are on hand by wheat harvest; after which the profusion of Peaches, Pears, Apples, Plums, Grapes, &c., furnish the richest supplies through Autumn. Grapes and Pears may be kept till Spring, and Apples till the succeeding Summer. But, let it be remembered, that if the *long keepers* are not laid in in very liberal quantities, the stores will be soon exhausted.—The loss by unavoidable decay, as well as by consumption, must be allowed for. An excellent mode of keeping Winter and Spring Apples, in the absence of a better, was this:—"Lock them up in a cool, dry cellar, and hide the key." The error was in the limited supply; its correction, is to supersede the necessity by an abundant store. Every cultivator, therefore, while he plants liberally of the earliest ripening varieties, must plant still more liberally of long-keepers; for while the former are soon succeeded by others, the latter must extend their benefits through a long and otherwise dreary period.—*Albany Cultivator.*

ATMOSPHERIC CHURN.

We have witnessed the operation of a churn by this name, said to have been invented and patented by Johnson & Lewis, of Sangamon county, Illinois. Its chief peculiarity consists in forcing atmospheric air through the cream or milk, by means of a hollow upright shaft, having holes in the upper end, to the bottom of which is attached a transverse tube, open at each end—the latter being made to revolve horizontally through the cream by means of gearing attached to the shaft. The turning of the shaft causes the descent of the surrounding air, which passes through the cream, and escapes from its surface in the form of bubbles. It is claimed that butter can be produced by this churn, from cream, in less than five minutes, and from new milk in fifteen. In the trial which we witnessed, butter was produced from cream in *seven* minutes, and from milk in *nine*. Mr. Emery was present with one of Kendall's churns, and produced butter from cream in *ten* minutes. An equal quantity of cream was used by both churns—the Atmospheric produced *one pound* of butter, and Kendall's *one pound seven and a half ounces*. Such was the result on this trial—how it would be on other trials we cannot say; neither can we say positively, what was the occasion of so great a difference in the amount of butter produced by the two churns. The Atmospheric churn appears to operate on a correct principle—that of mingling the air with the cream; but we are not in favor of such *rapid* churning. Having formerly had some experience in making butter, we should prefer that the churning, for a quantity of ten to twenty pounds of butter or more, should be prolonged to thirty minutes, at least. According to our experience, the best butter is not produced by a very *short* nor a very *long* period in churning. If it is churned too quick, the separation is not complete, and the butter, besides being less rich, is deficient in quantity; if the process is continued too long, the butter is likely to be *oily*. We think our best butter makers would decide that churning for ordinary quantities, should occupy from thirty to fifty minutes.—*Albany Cultivator.*

BENEFIT OF TOADS.

These animals are very useful in gardens.—They live on insects which they devour without much regard to the species—the selections being made by toads of different sizes, according to the bulk they are able to swallow. While the toad is small he is only able to feed on gnats, small flies, the smallest beetles, &c.; but when full grown will swallow almost all insects that infest the garden or field, whether in the larva or perfect state. The number of insects which they are capable of devouring is surprising to one unacquainted with their habits. Several years since the writer ascertained that a large toad, which he kept confined for the purpose of experiments, would devour from eight to twelve grubs, the larvæ of the May bug or cockchafer, (*Melolontha vulgaris*) per day. There is another advantage which they have over fowls, in gardens—they will do no injury to any plants, their mode of taking the insects being such that the plant is scarcely touched in the act. A few boards should be laid round the garden, raised about an inch from the surface, under which the toads will take shelter during the day, as they only feed during the night.—*Southern Planter.*

☞ We endorse in favor of the toad. Few animals look more ugly till an acquaintance with their character is formed; and we know of none who do less mischief.

Toads want protection, and they prefer the door steps to the open garden, on account of the shelter there afforded. If boards are so placed in various parts of the garden in such a manner as to afford them proper shelter they will do much service by living on flies and other grubs.—*Editor Mass. Ploughman.*